

Liberty

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NOV. 29, 1941



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HITLER AND GÖRING'S WIFE
N-YOU-KEEP-A-STRAIGHT-FACE QUIZ • WHO RUNS HOLLYWOOD NOW?



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*Head of the Bourbon
Family*

ONE TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY

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Do You See Happy-Go-Lucky Bill?
No! I See a Future Leader of Men.

Why is he Such a Success?
Because he wins People so Easily.

His Smile is so Confident and Bright... thanks
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Keep your gums firmer... your teeth brighter... guard against
"Pink Tooth Brush"... with the help of Ipana and Massage!



A Product of
Bristol-Myers Company

Q. What, exactly, is "Pink Tooth Brush"?

A. "Pink Tooth Brush"—a recurring tinge of "pink" on your brush is a signal of distress from your gums—a sign that they are weak and sensitive.

Q. What have weak gums to do with bright, sparkling teeth?

A. A great deal! In fact, the brightness and sparkle of your teeth... yes, and the charm of your smile... depend largely on the health of your gums. That is why you should give your gums as well as your teeth regular care.

Q. How can gums be given this proper care?

A. Dentists everywhere recommend daily gum massage. For today's soft foods deny gums the natural work they need for healthy firmness. They must have more exercise—

more stimulation—and massage provides that extra work.

Q. What to do about "Pink Tooth Brush"?

A. See your dentist. It may not mean trouble, but let him decide. He may recommend more work for your lazy gums. And, like thousands of dentists, his advice may be "the daily stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Q. Why Ipana?

A. Because Ipana is specially designed to do more than clean teeth thoroughly. With massage, Ipana aids the gums to better health. That's why Ipana and massage is so effective in helping to keep gums healthier... in guarding against "pink tooth brush"!

Ipana Tooth Paste

Vox Pop

The First Word-- From Our Readers

TWO MORE LETTERS ABOUT THAT LINDBERGH EDITORIAL

CORONADO, CALIF.—Your editorial for October 18, Lindbergh—the Most Dangerous Man in America, is like an answer to my prayers. I have wondered how long it would be until some editor would have the courage to challenge this sabotage of American ideals.

But I can tell you you are in for it. You will taste the hatred and poison that are in store for any one who dares express his loyalty to our government—or fear and distrust of Hitler and activities that give him aid and comfort.* I, a mere pen-in-hand, have been about scared out of my wits.

Anyway, now that you big guns have squared off, some of us frantic letter-writing women can get back to our knittin'. Many's the time, this past year, Jim has sat in dishabille on the edge of the bed waiting for a shirt that should have been ironed before, while I sat humped over this typewriter waving the flag, so to speak.

Now, too, men like Jim can feel better confidence—knowing that there are editors who intend to stand behind them. So that, as I said before, patriotic women can step back into the role they were made for. You see, Jim is in the navy. And I am a navy wife. We dread war, too. As much as any one possibly could.

—Vivian M. Ward.

* EDITOR'S NOTE—We have. See last week's Vox Pop.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Why dignify Lindbergh's sophomoric ramblings with an editorial? One thing he did has been glorified beyond all reason.

A man once went over Niagara Falls in a barrel and lived to tell of it. He did not, however, try to run the country afterward.—A Veteran, 310th Inf., A. E. F.

SOME SOLDIERS DID

MIDDLEBUSH, N. J.—I hope some soldiers write their opinion of George E. Sokolsky's Yoo-Hoo! Have We Got a Sissy Army? (October 25 Liberty.) I would like to see what they say.—George Wade.

PINE CAMP, N. Y.—Mr. Sokolsky tells us all about ourselves—especially our poor morale. The biggest reason for our "poor morale" is that writers are telling us how poor it is.—Sgt. Joseph J. Cor-done, Co. F, 80th Arm'd Reg't.

CAMP SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIF.—Will some one kindly tell me just who the hell George E. Sokolsky is?—Sgt. Alan R. Mohan, Battery D, 145th Field Artillery.

THIS HAS PUZZLED A LOT OF PEOPLE, B. PIKE, INCLUDING, WE GOTTA ADMIT, US

CHRISTOPHER, ILL.—I can't help saying something about the letter from H. R. in October 18 Vox Pop. She seems to have the idea that "half-baked girls just out of school" have only to apply for a position and it's theirs.

If she could call back a few years and apply for a job now, she'd soon change her mind; for the usual answer to the girl just out of school is: "I'm sorry, but you've had no experience." My question to this is: How is one to acquire experience if one can't get a job?—B. Pike.

NEVER PICK A LEXICOGRAPHER TO START A CONTROVERSY WITH

SEATTLE, WASH.—How about correcting the Correct English Quiz by Dr. Charles

Earle Funk (October 11 Liberty)? In Question 15 the following appeared: "TEACHER: What is velocity? BILL: It's what a person puts a hot plate down with. Has Bill given the right answer?"

Whether the response was right or wrong, I believe that Dr. Funk overlooked the little matter of never ending a sentence with a preposition. Hence, isn't "with" incorrect, or have my English teachers been kidding me?—Miss Dorothy Saunders, University of Washington.

To which Dr. Funk replies: I know that many teachers persist in saying that "one should never use a preposition to end a sentence with," but this rule, although applicable to Latin grammar, has never had a justifiable place in English grammar and most of the grammarians recognize the fact.

Examples could be given all the way back to early writers, but none would be better than Lowell's "The soil out of which such men as he are made is good to be born on, good to live on, good to die for and to be buried in."

A FRIEND OF JAPAN ADMONISHES MR. ABEND

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Here is a copy of a letter I am sending Hallett Abend:

Dear Abend: Six or eight months ago, at your request, I asked the Japanese (Continued on page 41)

"Well, I suppose
it is my
patriotic duty
to accept defense
savings stamps."



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How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Beckhoff



Mary Jr: Oh! Hello, Mother . . . I didn't expect you.

Mary Sr: Obviously, darling! But why didn't you *ask* to use my perfume?



Mary Jr: I guess it was the name on the bottle that got me: "Fatal Evening"! I'm sick of being a wallflower. A girl's got to have a *little* appeal—or *something*.



Mary Sr: You don't know how tight you are! And the "something" *you* need doesn't come in pretty glass bottles! The way you've been eating lately! What can you expect if you don't get your vitamins? Vitamins for pep! A little "pep appeal" will do more for you than all the perfumes in Paris!



Mary Sr: And right here's where you make a start toward getting your vitamins. You must have them *all*, you know, and in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-good sources of two of the most important ones, B₁ and D.

Mary Jr: Hey! This is the best cereal I ever tasted! If getting the other vitamins can be as much fun as eating PEP, just watch what a change there's going to be in me!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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Girl meets

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

★ WOULD you care to join me on a treasure hunt? "Treasures," you say. "I don't need treasures. I need a new black dress, and something to wear under my coat, and . . ."

But you do need treasures—you need things probably precious to you alone, which will help revitalize your "stand-bys" of last year and before.

CASE FOR JEWELS: I must confess that I do not share the national passion for "junk" jewelry, so my eye is ever peeled for the kind of unobtrusive costume jewelry which is fashioned with the fastidiousness and regard for design which is found in real jewels. It is particularly difficult to find a gold bracelet which looks "good," yet has the cute fillip found in gadgetry. But I announce with pride that I have discovered a perfect one. It is elegantly narrow in size and consists only of small links in pink and yellow gold; but dangling from it is a small, very fat gold book which says "Phone Book." When you open it, you find it is actually a book—little white pages, each marked with a letter of the alphabet. You can file favorite friends right on your wrist.

COMPACT WITH COLOR: In these days of public powdering a compact is an integral part of a costume. One of great charm is a huge pressed circle of thin plastic—divine in amethyst, or in red, or shell, or blue. . . \$3 plain, but add \$2 and you get an elaborate Victorian monogram.

BLOUSE NEWS: If you are a tailored-suit girl, your entire life is a quest for blouses. You may now obtain a blouse and slip in *one*. No tuck-in trouble. . . The blouse top is simple, sporty, wearable, washable; the slip skirt has a hem-line arrangement which can be easily cut to give you a choice of three lengths. . . \$4.50.

It's a wonderful age we live in. You no longer have to freeze to be fashionable. The stores are full of articles to keep you warm and make you pretty all at once. For instance . . .

MAKE IT ANOTHER OLD-FASHIONED, PLEASE: I am not talking to the bar-keep—no, not I. I refer to a bedroom bargain—the sort of sweet long-sleeved full "nightie," ruffled at throat and wrist, that Victoria wore when they awakened her to tell her she was Queen. This version is made of fine nainsook, in pure white only. . . \$2.95.

NO RED NOSE: Quaint as all get out is the miniature of an old-fashioned trunk, high-domed, hinged cover, and all. I don't suppose the trunks were covered in pinky beige or ornamented with prim figures—however, this box holds four ounces of an excellent clinging face powder with a faint spicy scent. It is obtainable in a variety of skin-warming tones, each appealingly

Girl

named. You'll love the powder and cherish the box. . . . \$1.50.

PROTECTOR: These windy days I find that lipstick alone is not enough to stay chapped lips. A Sportstick is a colorless pomade especially soothing and protecting. Apply it under your lipstick for added sheen and smoothness, too. . . . 60 cents.

No COLD FEET: Socks of warm cotton, called Mopasins, cover the ankle and more. The soles look like dust mops but are far from drab. My Mopasins are merry as Christmas, the socks bright red, the mop soles green. Available in small, medium, and large. Wondrously comfortable. . . . \$1.25.

FRAME-UP: After each washing you'll be eased to know that you can shape and dry sweaters just as you like. \$2.50 buys you a wooden sweater frame, adjustable to all sizes, with two sets of arms (one for long, one for short sleeves).

MEMOS ON MY MIRROR: Have buttons that spell your name, to wear down the front of a shirtwaist dress or on a cardigan sweater.

Make an angelic choir-boy collar out of white crêpe de Chine and disarm every one.

Don't underestimate the appeal of little white gloves with an otherwise dark costume.

Wear an India printed turban with a plain dress.

Wear long, long gloves of jersey or shining satin with your dinner dress.

BY BUBBLES SCHINASI

Wear your clips or pin on your hip pocket instead of your lapel, for a change.

For ash trays use those round fetching bowls the Chinese use for food—they are inexpensive and unusual.

Bind a white woolen cardigan with narrow black velvet ribbon.

Abandon your pompadour and do your hair as you did three years ago.

If you have an odd or end of fur left over from a collar or cap or coat, make it into a hair bow and wear it as you would a ribbon.



"Going Home!"



There's *new magic* in the old words this year..

... and Greyhound brings Year-End trips within reach of everyone

Today the old words "Going Home" strike a responsive chord in more American hearts than at any time in a generation! The holiday season is made a glorious and golden time by the simple fact of a boy in khaki punching a well-remembered front door bell.

That same cheering glow extends to the home-coming of millions of the rest of us. For men-in-the-service and civilians alike, Greyhound is the popular way home at year's end. *And for so many good reasons!* The cost is so much lower . . . fellow passengers are a friendly, congenial crowd . . . Super-Coaches are well warmed, well ventilated, amazingly comfortable. This year, for *your* way home, choose the Greyhound way.

★ ★ ★

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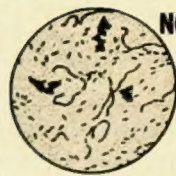


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BEFORE

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



AFTER

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT—Listerine, *QUICK!*

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on the throat surfaces to kill "secondary invaders" . . . the very types of germs that make a cold more troublesome.

This prompt and frequent use of full strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely . . . at the same time relieving throat irritation when due to a cold.

Its value as a precaution against colds and sore throats has been demonstrated by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and treatment.

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Actual tests conducted on employees in several industrial plants during a ten year period of research revealed this astonishing truth: That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats.

This impressive record is explained, we believe, by Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action . . . its ability to kill threatening "secondary invaders"—the very types of germs that live in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

Tests Showed Outstanding Germ Reductions on Tissue Surfaces

When you gargle with Listerine Antiseptic, that cool amber liquid reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders" on those areas—not all of them, mind you, but so many that any major invasion of the delicate membrane may be halted and infection thereby checked.

Even 15 minutes after Listerine gargle, tests have shown bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it's a sensible precaution against colds to gargle with Listerine systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started?

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where illness often starts
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Liberty

NOVEMBER 29, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 48



LET US GIVE THANKS

★ THIS is the time of the harvest festival, when the free people of the United States take a holiday to thank God for their blessings.

Was there ever a time when we had greater occasion to be thankful? Take a look at the rest of the world; we Americans today are indeed the most fortunate people on the earth.

In the light of history, this fact is all the more remarkable because the roots of our thanksgiving lie deep in trial and suffering rather than in good fortune.

It was a lean summer in 1621. The Pilgrim fathers had broken stony ground around the shores of Plymouth Bay. They turned up the sod and planted their seed, but the rains did not come and the earth lay parched and unfriendly. When autumn came there were not many sheaves to bring in. Beholding the scanty crop, Governor Bradford turned to the little band—only about half of the Mayflower passengers remained alive—and issued a decree. As an official act, the Pilgrims set apart a day to thank God for their small harvest.

That was the way our Thanksgiving began. All through the wilderness other settlers followed that humble and devout example. As time went on and campfires became villages, towns became cities, and colonies united into a nation, many official Thanksgiving days were decreed because of special mercies. But it was not until a dark hour in our history that our national annual Thanksgiving Day was established. That was in the bitter year of 1864. Two battles of Bull Run had been fought and lost. Everywhere the forces of the Union were losing. There was discontent in all the Northern States.

Men were willing to sacrifice the principle of one

great union for the expediency of a negotiated peace. In that sad year President Lincoln proclaimed our first national Thanksgiving.

Today the American whose heart is not stirred by a deep sense of gratitude for our national blessings is not fit to call himself an American. Our gratitude must go far beyond the obvious.

True, no bombs have fallen on our cities. Our people do not hide in shelters while the bombers ride the sky. We are safe in our homes. No Americans are tramping down the long defile of the homeless. We do not stand in dread of invading soldiers with fire and torch and whip. We know we are not going into concentration camps. We know that we have food and water. These blessings we have, but they are not the greatest.

Nobler than these, and our greatest blessing, we still have the courage to fight for our way of life. We have a faith that makes us willing to die for this freedom. We have known good times and bad, but whether in prosperity or in depression, in storm or calm, in peace or war, we have kept burning here in this dear free land of ours the light of freedom. That fire once warmed the hearts of the Pilgrims in the winters of the Plymouth settlement; it burned a steady flame with Washington's men in Valley Forge. The fire of that faith sent men into the inferno of Gettysburg and their grandsons through the forest of Argonne.

We are not only free, but we so love freedom that we are ready to fight and to die, that it shall not perish from the earth.

That is our greatest blessing, and for that, above all, we should praise our God on this Thanksgiving Day.

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★ "I'm afraid of him. There is something in his eyes. I—I'm afraid," said Emmy Sonnemann after she met Hitler for the first time.

That was in the summer of 1930, during the theatrical festivals of Lauchstädt. Lauchstädt was a little town in Saxony where the members of the Weimar National Theater performed classical dramas for the tourist trade. Emmy Sonnemann was a mem-

ing her hand and had told her mother: "A great man is going to be in love with your daughter—a king . . . no, he isn't quite a king. But almost."

"So naturally I'm waiting now for the man who is not quite a king," Emmy laughed.

But, after all, she didn't wait. She married one of the big Stuttgart actors, Karl Koestlin. Karl was a nice boy, and very much in love with her. But comradeship wasn't enough for him. He finally turned to another

"Unfortunately, I promised some friends in Dresden to go to the opera with them."

"I'll drive you there," Göring said. Sitting next to him in the car, she suddenly realized: This is it. She was panic-stricken, as she had been when Hitler had spoken to her. She became ill, asked Göring to stop the car. She felt terribly ashamed and unhappy. "This," she thought, "will be the end."

But it wasn't. It was the beginning.

Hitler and Göring's Wife

What happened at Berchtesgaden in '39?

The mystery of the Reich's First Lady

BY CURT RIESS

ber of the Weimar Theater. She was tall, with golden-blonde hair, blue eyes, and regular features—the Brunhild type. Unfortunately, she wasn't an actress. Even among the mediocre Weimar actors, she succeeded only because she was so beautiful.

Adolf Hitler was immediately interested and expressed a desire to meet her. Backstage, the excitement was considerable. After all, in 1930 Hitler was already somebody. Only Emmy remained cool. She was so uninterested in politics that she had no inkling of his importance or his Party's. After the performance they met. Gallantly he kissed her hand and gazed dreamily at her with his famous soulful look. He talked to her in a low voice during the whole evening. He asked her to come to Berchtesgaden with him. "I have a little house there," he said modestly. But Emmy was very reserved.

Later, Franz Ludwig Ullbrich, the theater director, told her that everybody was thrilled at Hitler's interest in her. It was then that, for the first time, she spoke about her fear of Hitler. It was not to be the last time.

She tried to laugh it off. "Anyhow, if it must be somebody from that Party, I'd take that good-looking Captain Göring any day," she said.

She didn't mean that seriously, of course. When she learned that Göring was happily married to the former Swedish baroness, Karin von Fock, it did not make any impression on her.

Men did not really interest Emmy. She was beautiful, but she was cold. Her so-called artistic career had started in Munich in 1914. A year later she had come to Wiesbaden, and in 1918 to Stuttgart. Everywhere men fell madly in love with her. She didn't mind. She even was a good pal to some of them. Sometimes her Stuttgart friends would tease her and say that she was waiting for a rich husband. Emmy would laugh. Once on such an occasion she told a little story about something that had happened to her when she was only twelve. A gypsy woman had insisted on read-

ing her fortune, and Emmy obliged with a divorce.

Emmy wasn't happy. In Stuttgart the stage had not given her any satisfaction. It never occurred to her that there might be an inner connection between her coldness and the fact that no director would entrust her with parts demanding passion. She just thought the Stuttgart directors didn't know any better. So when in 1923 she saw a chance to sign up with the Weimar Theater, which was less important than the one in Stuttgart, she took it.

In the summer of 1932 two girls who had shared her dressing room in Stuttgart saw her again, at a seaside resort not far from Berlin.

Emmy had grown much younger. She was radiant. She was gay. As soon as she saw them, she threw her arms around them. "I'm in love!" she cried. "I'm madly in love, and I think it's just wonderful!"

Then Captain Göring strolled up—and it was no problem for her two friends to guess who had changed her.

Göring had lost his wife, Karin, in October, 1931. He had been lonesome since then. He frequently came to Weimar. He had all but forgotten the first Lauchstädt meeting with Emmy. But now, seeing her on the stage, he fell in love with her. Night after night he sent her flowers. Finally he talked to her in the café that she visited nightly after the performance. Later she told Ullbrich that at first Göring had meant no more to her than any other man. But soon she found herself missing him when he didn't come to the little café.

One day he told her that he would stay overnight—for her. She shrugged.

Later on she said sadly that the next few months had been the happiest in her life. Whenever she did not have to act, she would take the train to Berlin, where Göring had a little apartment. And whenever he could get away, he would drive over to Weimar. Then, in February, 1933, after Hitler had come to power, Göring took Emmy to Berlin. He made her a member of the State Theater. But not even he could make her a success. The theater was practically empty whenever she played.

Emmy didn't mind. She still was happy. She was in love.

Her happiness was not to last long. Very soon little differences began to crop up between her and Göring. During all her years on the stage she had worked with Jewish actors and directors; some of her best friends were among them. She was aghast when she learned that all of them now had lost their jobs.

She would protest to Göring that these were nice people. He would shrug and laugh. She would insist. She tried to help her former colleagues when they tried to escape from Germany. She even arranged for them to take some money along.

This, of course, did not pass unnoticed in the Party. Göring laughed and pretended not to notice. But sometimes he didn't laugh. After all, if the Führer ever found out . . .

There were other things Göring couldn't laugh off. When, in 1934, he wanted to meet Emmy's father, old Sonnemann refused sharply. "I do not receive my daughter's lover," he declared.

Of course Emmy had thought of marriage. But Göring told her he



At a musical soiree? Left to right: Göring's wife, soulful Adolf, Magda Goebbels' little spouse, and Göring.

couldn't marry her. He asked her to understand, and she tried to. She knew that his memories of his wife, Karin, whom he had loved very much, had something to do with it. Since he had become a power in Germany, he had had Karin's body exhumed and brought to Germany, had erected a mausoleum on his estate and christened his palatial home the Karin hall. He was making a cult out of it all, in which the whole German public was to participate. Some people thought that was going pretty far, but Emmy was too much in love to criticize Göring even in her thoughts.

Then the first blow fell. She was visited by a Swedish lady who was passing through Berlin—a second cousin of Karin. Now she learned for the first time the circumstances of Karin's death.

In October, 1931, old President Hindenburg had finally been persuaded to receive Adolf Hitler. One condition he made was that Göring, whom he knew and liked, should be present. Göring was in Sweden at the bedside of Karin, who was very ill. When Hitler wired, he decided to take the next plane. The doctor stopped him at the door:

"Your wife will not be alive when you come back."

Göring rushed off, nevertheless. When he came back, Karin was dead.

When Emmy heard it, she shuddered. Perhaps it was then that she understood for the first time that she was bound to a man to whom there were things more important than his wife. But was she bound? Not yet. . . .

And then there was that terror again. She told her friends about it. That fear with which Hitler filled her.

So Hitler had so much power that he could tear a man away from the deathbed of his beloved wife! What would he do to *her* some day?

Then came the automobile accident. The car hit a tree and overturned. Göring was only slightly injured, but Emmy's skull was fractured. Both were taken to near-by Berchtesgaden and put into the same room.

The next day Hitler arrived. Emmy described the scene later to her friend Ullbrich. For a long time Hitler stood silently in the doorway. He looked angry. Now he's going to take him away from me, she thought.

Then she realized that Hitler was talking to her in a low, soothing voice. "I hope you'll recover soon," he said, "so that we won't have to postpone the wedding too long."

That was how Emmy heard about her own wedding. Göring said something, but Hitler ignored him completely. He was still speaking to her. "Now we'll see each other oftener, I hope," he said. There was that fear again. She was hardly able to breathe.

★ THE newspapers said Hitler was gayer than he had been for a long time. That he laughed constantly and made jokes. Of course he was best man, as he had been at Goebbels' quiet little wedding. But Göring's wedding, on April 11, 1935, was a national festival. It was, in fact, the first state wedding of the Third Reich. You had to go back to the Kaiser's time to find so much pomp and splendor. It was a gala performance.

The day before it, Emmy's two ac-

tress friends from Stuttgart visited her. She showed them Göring's wedding present to her—a set of blue zircons, a rather enormous affair consisting of a diadem, a ring, a bracelet, earrings, and a necklace (the German press later wrote that it cost 36,000 marks). The actresses effusively admired the stones.

Emmy just said, "Well, after all, I shall be the first lady of the Third Reich. Every dynasty has its crown jewels." When she realized that her friends were somewhat taken aback, she said, "Every one says Hitler won't marry. It will be up to me to bear the Third Reich an heir."

That was the last time her two friends saw her.

★ THE marriage was not happy. Göring had become terribly suspicious, even of his most intimate associates—even of his wife.

He wasn't as good-looking as he had once been. He had grown extremely fat. That gave him a jovial appearance. People thought he was good-natured; they didn't think he was suspicious, nervous, cruel.

Emmy was soon to find out.

Only a short time after his wedding, a letter addressed to her fell into his hands. It was from a dentist in Heilbronn. He congratulated his old friend and wished her the best for the future. That was about all—but shortly afterward the dentist was arrested by the Gestapo. So were eighteen other citizens of Heilbronn, all of whom the dentist had mentioned in the letter. They were taken to Berlin by airplane. For a week they were kept in solitary confinement.

(Continued on page 52)



Maria held out her arms to be helped down. "Baby's tired of saying how-de-do to folks."

★ THE redcap stowed Anthony's bags and his briefcase, took his tip, and left them. Jock sat down and Anthony gave her a cigarette. When he had lit it, and one for himself, he sat down beside her.

"Lots of time," he said.

Jock nodded. There were so many things she had saved to say to him in these final minutes, but now she could only remember the things she had said before.

"Darn it all. I wish I were going along."

"You know how I hate leaving you," said Anthony. "Any changes

"We mustn't let it. We've been married long enough to know how we feel about each other. Being fifteen hundred miles apart can't affect our sense of values or our obligations to each other."

If Anthony had some idea that one of the obligations of marriage might be to live together, he did not say so. "It's pretty selfish of me to pull up stakes so abruptly," he said.

"Don't say that!" protested Jock. "I'm the selfish one. If I weren't self-centered and stubborn I'd be coming along with you. But the best part of my life's here; my work is here. I couldn't find the stimulus I need in the Middle West. And you know how

On her way out of the station Jock paused from force of habit at the newsstand and ran an expert eye over the books ranged along the counter top. Her heart reacted with the familiar extra throb when she spotted the shiny pink-and-black jacket: *You Went Away Too Far*, by Jocelyn Moss. Slipped around its middle was a silver sash announcing this was the Fifth Big Printing. The desolate feeling which had possessed her now diminished perceptibly, and with new briskness she continued on out the Vanderbilt Avenue exit.

When she reached the pavement the sky was heavy with plum-colored storm clouds; but Jock decided to walk until the rain began. As she turned into Madison Avenue, Jock was conscious of the admiring envy in the eyes of a pair of suburban shoppers. From the cocky brim of her freshly blocked straw to the gleaming perfection of her white-and-brown pumps, she was turned out with competent chic, cool and spotless and unwrinkled.

When she reached Forty-sixth Street she crossed over to the west side of Madison for the pleasure of passing the Ritz-Carlton and receiving the accolade of the doorman's "Good afternoon, Mrs. Moss." If she had been asked to choose between this little attention and the Nobel Prize, Jock most certainly would have picked the latter, but in the long run the doorman's salute would have been more gratifying to her. The Ritz-Carlton symbolized a world that she had always dreamed about but never would be able to take for granted. Even now, when physically she was as much at home in the Ritz as she had ever been in the Hotel Cornhusker back in Lincoln, she found it quite incredible that she should be sitting two tables away from the ex-Empress of Austria or Sonny Whitney or Constance Bennett.

She got in a cab and gave the driver Bob Davidson's address on Park Avenue. Bob was having a cocktail party for one of his other authors, a discovery named Maria Springer, and he had particularly asked her to be there.

Warming with anticipation, Jock pictured their meeting. The best-selling author, charming, animated, *soignée*, greeting the timid neophyte, saying the little friendly ever-so-right things to put her at her ease, tacitly elevating her to the status of confrere by a word or two of shop talk, and finally paying the unaffected compliment, graceful, generous, and wise, which would prove to be the most treasured memory of a never-to-be-forgotten afternoon. The whole episode was so enjoyable in preview that Jock found herself wishing she had read the girl's book.

There were two women in Bob's penthouse dressing room when Jock went in—one combing her rain-wet hair with great violence, the other stripping off her stockings, which she hung over a lampshade to dry.

"Don't let me forget 'em when we

The Guinea Pig Goes West

Even at the bashful age, Maria would have gone over Niagara Falls in a barrel with a stranger!

BY VIRGINIA FAULKNER

of mind would be greeted with happy cheers."

"Oh, sweet, I can't. It's just an attack of station fever. I've never yet been able to see any one off without wanting to stow away. Even when it's only a husband," she added, taking his hand.

"A fond husband," said Anthony, "a very low husband."

"Baby," said Jock. "I'll be flying out soon to pay a call; maybe for the first home game. And you can spend all the holidays back here, and we can telephone and write. It'll be like the snappy days of yore when I had a beau in college—with the slight difference that now I've got a daughter there too."

"Incidentally, when are you going to break the news to Bridget?"

"When she gets back from Mexico. After all, it can't make much difference to her. She's only home a few week-ends and Christmas. And we've given her much less trouble and worry than most parents give their children. I expect she'll humor us."

"It makes some difference to us, though, doesn't it?"

I am when my heart isn't in something; you'd grow to hate the sight of me constantly wearing a bright little martyred smile. Maybe in a few more years I'll have the adaptability and inner resource to live away from New York, but right now I don't think I could swing it. I couldn't be just a professor's wife."

"Darling," said Anthony, "you could never be just a professor's wife."

"Any more," said Jock, "than you could ever be just a writer's husband."

The porter buzzed a warning reminder at the door, and Anthony followed her out onto the station platform. "Good-by, missus," he said. "Remember what I've told you about crossing streets and leaning out of windows."

"I just have to remember that you love me," said Jock.

They kissed. It was one of those unsatisfactory all-aboard embraces during which they were bumped about by hurrying passengers, accosted by a telegraph boy who wished to know if they cared to send a last-minute message, and finally separated by a fretting conductor.

leave this rattrap," she said to the hair comber, who—experiencing a difficulty with her coiffure—responded with a sibilant expletive which is generally considered obscene and is unquestionably vulgar.

Fascinated, Jock sat down to await her turn at the mirror. The other two took no notice of her and continued to repair their toilets with unself-conscious abandon. They were both young, not more than twenty-five, and the hair-combing one was flamboyantly pretty. Her companion was a stocky redhead who bore an uncomfortable resemblance to Mickey Rooney.

"How long are we going to stay?" asked the pretty one. "Will there be a mob?"

Mickey Rooney shrugged. "It's a cocktail party. Probably a bunch of book salesmen and publishers' helpers and second-string critics. And, of course," she added sardonically, "Jocelyn Moss."

"You mean because Davidson publishes her?"

"I mean because she's a professional celebrity. She wouldn't miss a literary cocktail party if she had her back in a cast. Or a book fair. Or a writers' luncheon. Or any kind of autograph hunters' bee where she had a chance of being pointed out and mentioned in the columns. God knows when she gets any writing done."

"Does it matter?" asked the other pointedly. "Gosh, I haven't read a Moss book since I was in high school."

"Oh, now, don't tell me you missed the trick autobiography! The one where she borrowed Gertie Stein's old dodge and pretended to be writing her husband's life instead of her own."

"I think I remember vaguely. That was *He Married a Writer*, wasn't it?"

"She should have called it *I Married a Guinea Pig*. The things she's made that poor dope put up with!" Mickey Rooney shook her head pityingly, and then brightened. "Dorothy Parker reviewed it in two words: 'So what?'"

"Well, come on; let's get going," said the other.

"O. K.," said Mickey. "It's all yours, pal," she informed Jock, waving her hand at the dressing table.

★ JOCK put down her unlighted cigarette and moved over to the mirror, anger and hurt replacing amused astonishment as she reviewed the contemptuous dissection of her work, marriage, and social life. Not that she was unused, especially recently, to literary criticisms of the more caustic kind. But you couldn't get very worked up over a clipping; you probably even joked about it, in a wry detached way, when Bob called up to tell you that they had ordered the paper for another printing.

It was all part of the game; you could take it from reviewers and less successful authors. (The Big Boys never bothered with you.) After all, every one knew that critics were just frustrated creative artists, and as for

the brethren of the pen, hell has no fury like a writer remaindered. But the insolent assumptions which she had just overheard struck her as definitely below the belt. The public pays its two fifty and it takes its crack—but at the book, not the author.

Bob Davidson hailed her as she came into the bar, employing the airy gallantry and flippant tenderness which distinguished the dialogue of most of Jock's "young gent" characters, and which read so well in a book but sounded slightly overripe in normal colloquy. Bob's use of this special conversational style was entirely unconscious; he was neither a malicious man nor a clever one.

"Jock, my sweet! How cool you look, and everything. Cool as a ga-



zelle, a definitely sexy gazelle who's just been to Elizabeth Arden's. Your presence will gladden all." He grabbed a julep, and tendered it with a low bow to Jock. "Deign, Mrs. Moss, to accept this humble but sincere floral tribute. . . . And now, come and meet the guest of honor."

Maria Springer was small and dark, with very brown skin and very white teeth of which she seemed to be inordinately proud; at any rate, her smile was designed to exhibit all of them. As an infant, Maria's I. Q. had been discovered to be well over par, so her enlightened parents saw to it that her inhibitions were weeded out promptly. Even at the bashful age she would have been perfectly willing to go over Niagara Falls, unclad but for a barrel, in the company of a perfect stranger. When she was seventeen she got religion and took Los Angeles by storm, holding forth from the pulpit in white chiffon robes and a fillet of lilies of the valley. When this palled she enrolled in the University of Southern California. Here in no time at all she became a cheer leader, was screen-tested, and played a bit part in *She Got the Gob*. Then marriage to a former child star temporarily engaged all her energies, and it was only after her divorce and second marriage—to a professional golfer and trick-shot artist—that she found the leisure and peace of mind for the creation of *But You Choose Your Friends*.

This work, Bob excitedly informed Jock, had just been chosen by the First-Novel-of-the-Month Club for

distribution to its members. It was, according to the jacket blurb, "a frank, hard-hitting, often poetically beautiful study of incest, set against the magnificent scenic background of Yosemite National Park."

"Maria darling," said Bob, as they came up to the piano upon which she had elected to perch, flashing her smile from side to side like an airplane beacon, "Maria darling, I want you to meet a grand writer and a perfectly swell person—Jocelyn Moss."

"Glad to know you, honey," said Miss Springer.

"How do you do, Miss Springer?" said Jock. "Bob's just told me the news about the Book Club. I think it's simply splendid and I do congratulate you."

"What's that again, honey?" said Miss Springer.

"I know how happy you must be," said Jock. "There isn't any thrill to equal seeing your first book in print."

"I wouldn't know about that," said Maria, "because I haven't had time to see it yet, what with one thing and what with another." She winked roguishly at a gentleman who was tickling her ankle with a mint sprig. "My idea of a thrill would be a nice fat check for movie rights, hey, Bobbie?"

"We've had several nibbles," he assured her.

"Well, if you don't hurry up and close with somebody, I'll have to do a little field work on my own hook," said Maria, holding out her arms prettily to be helped down. "Baby's tired of saying how-de-do to folks. Let's get to the booze."

★ IN the excitement of lifting Maria from the piano, an unidentified male backed heavily into Jock, trampling one of her toes practically through the carpet and knocking most of the contents of her julep glass down the front of her dress. An assistant publicity man, who was on hand for just such emergencies, completed the job by attempting to dry her off with a bar towel which had already been used for mopping up a spilled bottle of grenadine. Jock permitted herself to be led off to the library by Conchita Marie Johnson, the wheelhorse of several women's magazines and conductor of a dismal radio book column (sustaining).

Jock had been soothed by a maid's more efficient ministrations with hot water and napkins when they were joined, shortly, by some familiars of the establishment who made it a point to rally in the library after the din began to wear them down and after they had absorbed enough items of interest to provide material for a few fast rounds of mayhem. Today, however, the boys and girls were on their best behavior, minding their split infinitives and riding herd on the dangling participles, owing to the unexpected addition to their group of Rex K. James.

Rex was unquestionably the ablest if not the most influential book critic in the land, and his infrequently be-

stowed pats on the head were the real bays and laurels of the trade. Aside from his weekly book page, Rex was engaged on a definitive history of cheese.

His formidable presence turned what would have been a good relaxing dish into a levee in which one and all strove to find an opening for some hoarded epigram.

★ THE talk, at first, naturally centered on Maria Springer (who was dismissed as "vin ordinaire" and "an exhibitionist"), the focus of interest shifting when word was brought in that Mrs. Moss was asked to come and have her picture taken with Miss Springer.

"Oh, but I can't possibly," said Jock. "I'm too, too bedraggled. I look like a refugee from the jam closet."

"I'll go and tell Bob," said Conchita, putting aside a tray of canapés which she had worked through twice. "What happened?" asked Rex.

"Oh, the well known bump-and-slop routine," said Jock. "This is just not my day," she added lightly. "When I went in to powder my nose, I overheard myself being verbally savaged by two young ladies who must, I think, be visitors from Greenwich Village. They made me sound as old-fashioned as prosperity."

"Well, darling," said Bessie Miller, who did features for Sunday magazines, "one does get the feeling from your books that you would rather have written *The Prisoner of Zenda* than *The Grapes of Wrath*."

"Do you suppose *The Grapes of Wrath* will survive fifty years, too?" Jock inquired sweetly. "Fashions in fiction have cycles, just like fashions in dress."

"One can't deny your stories are always fashionably thin, darling," said Bessie. "But doesn't it seem to you that the average reader nowadays is tiring of a diet of cake and would prefer something more nourishing?"

"It's curious," Rex broke in, "how people's attitude toward writing changes."

"And toward writers," said Jock. "Why, when I was a kid every one thought authors were simply wonderful. They were special. When Sinclair Lewis or Heywood Brown or Donald Ogden Stewart came to Lincoln to lecture, it was an event. It was talked about for weeks. Now," she shrugged, "they'd rather have a G-man."

"I suppose the truism has always existed that every man has a book in him," said Rex, "but, at least, twenty years ago every man didn't try to write one. Writing was, at best, an art; at worst, a profession. Now—according to Miss Springer, anyway—it's a racket."

It looked for a moment as if Rex's statement were being literally demonstrated, for the door crashed open and Maria pelted into the room, a crowd of hangers-on after her.

"Where the hell's the cluck who won't stand up to a camera with me?" she demanded belligerently.

"It isn't that at all, Miss Springer,"

began Jock. "I'd be delighted to—"

"Listen, sister," snapped Maria, in the best Warner Brothers' moll manner. "I may be new to the book business, but I'm taking nothing from nobody, see?"

"This is all quite ridiculous and unwarranted," said Jock. "I—"

"Can it," suggested Maria. "Not that I'll have you or anybody else horning in on my publicity. I just didn't want you to think you were getting away with anything." She gave Jock a final long up-and-down take, and then, turning to a young man by her side, announced that they should pull up their socks and get back to the party.

There was a moment of expectant silence and then an explosion of delighted babble, for what was more fun than a literary catfight? Cornered, Jock was forced to submit to the barbed condolences of Conchita and Bessie until Bob rushed up to say that he didn't know what had happened, but why not just laugh the whole thing off?

"A very good idea," said Jock bitterly. "Shall I start now, or shall I stand on a chair and do it?"

"Now, don't be like that," said Bob.

"Look. I want you to have dinner with Rex and me, and if you say no I'll think you're a grudge-nurser. If you want to change, Rex can take you home and I'll stop by and pick you up a little later."

★ TOO bemused to protest, Jock found herself on the way to the door with Rex. As they stepped into the elevator, Mickey Rooney and her friend crowded in after them.

Mickey evidently knew Rex, for she favored him with a grin and asked him if he didn't think it was too divine about the hair-pulling match between Moss and Springer.

"Divine," agreed Rex briefly. "Of course you know Mrs.—"

"We saw each other earlier," Jock cut in smoothly. "Did you remember your stockings?"

Mickey Rooney nodded and waved them, and then the doors slid back and people disembarked in the lobby.

Rex looked at Jock queerly. "They were the ones you overheard before, weren't they?" he said.

Jock nodded. "Then why did you let them off?" he asked.

"It would be pleasant to say that I have a noble and forgiving nature," said Jock, "only I don't. I should adore to give both those wenches a good cuffing. So you'll have to credit my forbearance to an unwilling reversion to early training. I'm a product, you know, of that dim era when it was considered bad form to cause unnecessary embarrassment and pain."

Rex was silent until they had started cross-town; then he asked how long she had lived in New York.

"Fifteen years," she said, "but I dreamed of living here since I was old enough to have dreams. I had two goals: to be a writer and to live in New York. Life could hold nothing more."

"And now?"

Jock hesitated. "Well, one learns there's a lot more to it than that. But I can't imagine its not including New York and writing. It probably sounds horribly smug—is horribly smug—yet I've always considered myself the luckiest person in the world. You see, I realized my dream—and I wasn't disappointed."

"I never expected to hear any one say that," said Rex, "especially not a writer."

"Maybe I ought to knock wood," said Jock, doing so, "but up until now I've had just the sort of life and—if you'll excuse the immodesty—success which I'd imagined. That's why it was so disconcerting this afternoon to hear those girls pass me off with a couple of wisecracks and a light laugh."

"A penalty of fame," suggested Rex.

"I'm boring you," said Jock, "but you started it. . . . I've been in the papers now and then, and some of it I've liked because it's exciting to think your name means something to people, but I've never had a press agent. I know my trial separation from Anthony a few years ago was supposed to be a publicity stunt, but it was nothing of the kind. It just seemed to me that our marriage was getting into a rut and we should do something about it. So we agreed to live in different apartments for a few months, not seeing each other at first, and then becoming acquainted all over again—sort of a second courtship. It was our own private affair."

"Those things do leak out, though," said Rex.

"And then what happens? Today I heard Anthony described as a guinea pig simply because he's done things that men not married to writers aren't called upon to do. I don't deny that he took a year's leave of absence to go around the world with me, but then I took a year off to have Bridget. Why don't they consider that?"

★ REX was spared the necessity for answering, because the cab was in front of Jock's tall narrow house on Sutton Place. When Jock swung open the door and stepped into the front hall, she realized with a sudden and increasing dismay that Anthony would not be waiting for her. Anthony was gone, and without him the comfort and reassurance of familiar surroundings seemed drained away.

Naturally, she had given consideration to her friends' probable reaction when they should learn of Anthony's decision to follow a separate course, but she did not see how it could fail to redound to her credit. Was she not demonstrating that she possessed a sympathetic understanding of Anthony's intellectual needs, the generosity to leave him free to pursue them, and the confidence in his devotion which would enable her to carry on in his absence with unspeculating serenity? Now it occurred to her that there might be those who would view Anthony's activities as a revolt against marital domination and would be amused at this turning of

(Continued on page 54)

★ THE old saw "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise" applies to football. Millions of fans who go to games each Saturday get a tremendous amount of pleasure out of them, while coaches and scouts eat their hearts out over boners the average spectator never sees.

When Larry Bankart, former Colgate coach, was helping fashion a team at Dartmouth more than a decade ago, he suffered agonies every time the team went into action. Small, wiry, and intense, he was a physical wreck by the time the last quarter rolled around. He lost from five to ten pounds during a single game, and it became so serious that his physician admonished him that he would have to stay away from football entirely.

Even big, rugged, two-fisted fellows like Lou Little of Columbia, Bernie Bierman of Minnesota, and Frank Leahy of Notre Dame suffer mental torture in the course of a single contest. They aren't worrying about their jobs. The things that trouble them are the crimes of omission committed by their linemen and backs. A block improperly thrown or a pass halfheartedly attempted is a knife in the heart of any coach. They have spent long hours teaching their players how to do it, and they have impressed on their charges the important fact that the success of every play depends on every man executing his assignments thoroughly and perfectly.

What good does it do, then, to know more about the game? The answer is, a lot of good. People are naturally inquisitive as to what goes on in the huddle. They like to know what happens on a reverse, a cross-buck, or a dive-tackle play. And while most

said that he had been calling that particular play an end run for more than ten years. For the first time in his life he realized that it is where a play strikes the defense that counts, not where it originates or where it penetrates the offensive line.

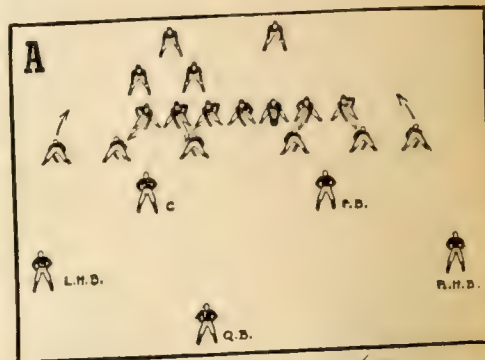
Radio announcers almost without exception make this same error. They call plays according to where they hit the offensive line. I have sat beside well known announcers through an entire game and heard them call every play incorrectly. When the tailback (the back farthest from the line when the team lined up) took the ball to his right and smashed just inside the tackle, the announcer invariably called it an inside tackle smash to the right. The left side of the defensive line was where the play struck, and he should have said so.

Football is simple if you remember a few basic things about it. For one thing the defensive line always takes a different position from the offensive line. It spreads its ends out wide, to prevent the attacking team from sweeping wide around it and going off to a long gain. That is why ends do not oppose ends in football. Sometimes an entire game goes by without any of the four wingmen so much as bumping into one another. And yet how often have you heard some know-it-all tell you that in such and such a game, end Jones of team A completely outplayed end Smith of team B. Fact of the matter is, they never so much as came into contact.

The ends on one team are always opposed by the tackles on the other. The ends on the attacking team have to handle the tackles of the team on the defensive, whose ends are out wide, trying to stop the backs who come their way, their primary duty

Does he dominate the guard playing near him when he is supposed to charge him out of a play?

There is a great deal of misunderstanding as to the functions of the huddle and the mechanics of spinners and reverses. The primary purpose of the huddle is neither to save time nor to add deception, although it may do both if properly used, but is to



So you think you know football

people think they know a little about football, it's a safe bet that not one in ten is familiar with the rules or able to distinguish an end run from an off-tackle play.

Nor are they to be blamed for this. Only recently a representative of the press who had been covering major football games for a prominent New York daily announced to his telegraph operator, sitting beside him at the game, that the play just enacted was an end run by Southern Methodist. I politely told him he was mistaken. He was amazed when I pointed out that, while the runner went around his own wingman, the play actually struck between the defensive tackle and the defensive end. It was therefore an off-tackle play, not an end run.

He acknowledged his error, and

being to drive the ball carrier in so the tackle and the fullback behind the line can bring him down. (See diagram A.)

Don't criticize the end who seldom makes a tackle. He may have specific instructions to gum up plays by knocking down the interference. And if some center's work on defense behind the line has been delighting you, don't forget that his job is comparatively easy. He can stand on his feet and size up a play, and he gets a clean shot at the ball carrier who has been stripped of his interference before passing the line of scrimmage.

To judge the merits of a center, discount some of the work he does on defense and watch him on offense. Does he do a job in charging through and bowling over the defensive backs?

facilitate giving the signals. In the uproar of a game, teams used to have to wait until the noise died down, in order to hear the signal caller. Hence the device wherein they crowd around the quarterback.

In the normal huddle, no words are spoken by any one save the quarterback. He simply gives the signal. It may be by number or by description—usually the former. Of course, when a team huddles during a time out, ideas are exchanged and there is a bit of backslapping and chatter.

A few coaches like Little, and like Meehan when he was at N. Y. U., have employed the huddle as a deceptive weapon. When the team came out of it, there was a certain amount of interweaving of linemen and backs, so that the defensive line was never

quite certain where the men were lining up. In recent years, however, this practice has been largely abandoned.

Reverse plays are perhaps the most colorful maneuver in football. Mechanically they are simple, yet they look frightfully complicated to the fan. All that happens is this: The ball goes to the No. 4 or tailback. He starts to the right as though going off tackle.

consequence is, the defense believes this is a regular off-tackle play and commits itself, only to be fooled when the ball goes the other way.

Cross bucks, still listed among football's most valuable weapons, are even simpler than the reverse. They have a part in virtually every offense, but from the T formation they are quite deadly. Here's how they work. The

wet fields because the defending fullbacks invariably are pulled out of position by the deceptive move of one halfback. The opening in the line on this play takes place so quickly that the spectator in the stands can seldom see it. It is a split-second affair, with the charge of the guard and tackle so co-ordinated as to occur the very moment the ball carrier reaches the line of scrimmage.

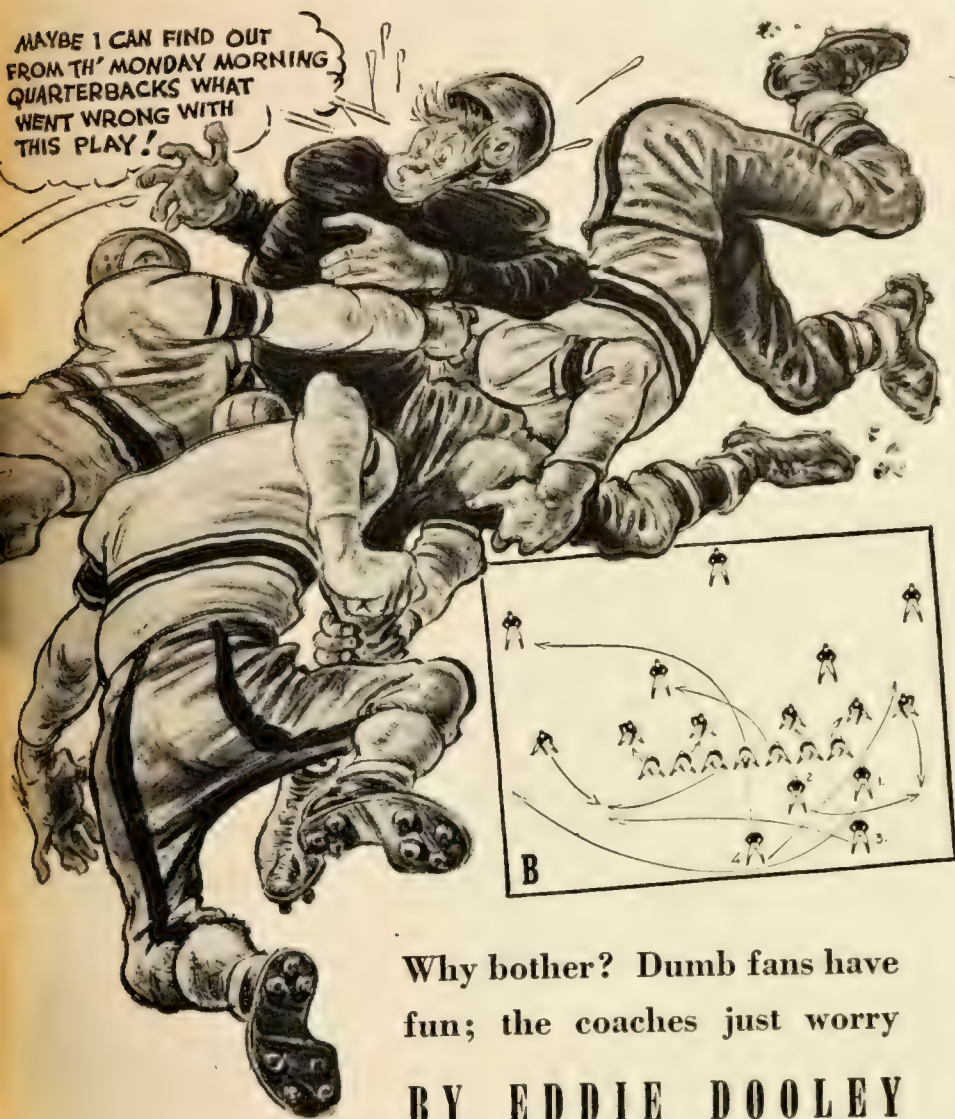
Many fans give undue credit to forward passers because of the manner in which they ring up successful aeri-als. The fans think that passing is a one-man job, and that the man throwing the ball aims it at a receiver whom he has picked out. The truth is that in virtually every instance the passer knows whom he is going to pass to before he gets the ball from the center, and that instead of throwing it directly at the receiver he simply throws it a few yards ahead of him, leaving it up to him to get there and catch it before it hits the ground. So give the receiver some credit for being able to outdistance and outsmart the defense. Of course, on spot passes accuracy is indispensable, for the receiver stands still until he gets the ball, after running to a designated position.

Because of an abundance of erroneous publicity, the vast majority of spectators believe there is a dearth of good kickers in college ranks. Instead, the woods are full of 'em. There are more good punters, drop kickers, and place kickers in the game now than ever before. The field-goal specialists aren't used much, because three points no longer constitute a very safe margin for any team. Scores come too thick and fast in this aerial-minded era.

As for punting, it is common today for fans to view with condescension the high towering spirals that once drew sighs and gasps of admiration from the crowds. Uninformed football writers have been led to believe that the only useful kick is the boot that is angled out of bounds. They forget that a high kick is a two-edged sword. It gives the kicking team's ends a glorious opportunity to rattle the defensive safety man with a crashing tackle the moment he catches the ball, and it also gives them the opportunity to regain possession for their team should he fumble. Angle kicks are fine, but they are not the only kind a team should use.

Recently at the Yankee Stadium I heard a man severely criticize a defending player for knocking down the ball carrier with a reverse body block instead of tackling him. The critic forgot that open-field tackling today is about as obsolete and useless as the flying wedge. The rules specifically state that when any part of a runner's body except his hands or feet comes in contact with the ground he is down. Why tackle him, then, if you can knock him off his pins with a rolling body block or a stiff shoulder charge? Smart coaches today are teaching their men to use the blocks on defense

(Continued on page 42)



Why bother? Dumb fans have fun; the coaches just worry

BY EDDIE DOOLEY

FOOTBALL EDITOR OF LIBERTY

Just as he nears the line he hands the ball to the wingback who, instead of taking his usual charge against the tackle, has whirled around and is facing in the opposite direction to that of the tailback. The wingback scurries around the other end or off the other tackle. (See diagram B.)

The idea of this play is to get the defensive team moving in one direction, and then have the play strike in the opposite direction. The initial charge of the defensive linemen and back provides the attacking team with better blocking angles and it can mow 'em down more easily.

On a wet field or near the goal line, a reverse play is particularly effective, especially if the proper groundwork has been laid for it by running a series of plays off the tackle. The natural

quarterback is under the center. He takes the ball on the snapback and whirls around. As he does so a halfback drives by him as close as possible and slams inside the tackle. The quarterback makes a gesture as though he were handing him the ball. In the twinkling of an eye the other halfback drives past the quarterback toward the other tackle. This time the quarterback actually hands the ball to him, and the gain is made. The cross buck is made more complicated by enhancing it with a center buck by the fullback. On this play the operation is the same, except that the fullback delays until the halfbacks have crossed in front of him, and then he drives into the guard, receiving the ball from the quarterback as he passes him.

Cross bucks are especially good on

★ LI SU-CHANG, a beautiful Chinese girl who works at the Golden Peiping Cabaret in New York City, agrees to help Harland Simpson, H.L.7 of the United States intelligence service, trap Nag Yat, who is plotting against the United States. Nag Yat, posing as a Korean business man with offices in the small brownstone house next to the Golden Peiping, is really a Chinese war lord, Lao Lum, who is tied up with the Japanese, and who was responsible for the deaths of Li Su-Chang's father and mother. The girl has vowed to kill him, but is persuaded by Simpson to take him as her lover and gain all the information she can.

She calls Simpson one morning from a telephone booth, tells him that Nag Yat's plot concerns a way to strike at every American soldier in the draft camps, then collapses from a heart attack. The doctor at the hospital suspects some drug has caused it. But what? And how administered? Simpson must probe more deeply into the mystery.

When he finds that Nag Yat is going to Yucatan by airplane—taking off from a private field on Long Island—he resolves to act.

PART FIVE—"I'M GOING TO DIE AGAIN"

★ HARLAND SIMPSON knew he had his night's work cut out for him.

Having telephoned Li Su-Chang's house and learning from her landlady that the girl was asleep, he made his way to another telephone booth—long experience had taught him to do that. And as he walked on, he was amazed at the sudden feeling of oppression that swept through his usually optimistic soul. All of an instant he felt sunk—bottom-sunk in discouragement. This was not his first seemingly hopeless assignment, although, in all its ramifications and implications, it certainly was the most important job of his career. True, he had not done so very well at it so far. He had been able to discover only three basic facts:

There was an international conspiracy against the safety of the United States.

The conspiracy concerned the army of drafted men.

Nag Yat was its leader.

Beyond that, Simpson knew nothing conclusive. What was the nature of the conspiracy? How could he get the whole foul plan? And how could he prove it—how obtain the jury evidence?

These agitations, it is true, were in the mind of Harland Simpson as he descended the steps from one level of the great Seventh Avenue railroad station to another. But these were not the sources of his sudden gloom. Was it not, a small voice asked, a worry about a little yellow girl . . . ?

Li Su-Chang! Put her out of your heart. They will call your children "Chinks." . . .

Simpson entered a telephone booth and called a private number in Wash-

ington, D. C. The conversation was swift and to the point.

"Simpson reporting. Have you word on the cigarette and ashes yet?"

"No report from the lab, sir," came the answer.

"Shanghai?"

"A little on that angle, sir. There is no question that Nag Yat was

picked to do a certain important job in the U. S. A. He was chosen after an important meeting held in Soochow at which were present high intelligence officers of the Japanese army and navy, together with German and Italian officials—all gold-braid guys. With them were two German scientists. Our men are still working

Blood of the Dragon



She drew in her breath sharply when Macdonnell climbed up to her window and invaded her bedroom.

to find out the nature of the activities of these scientists."

"How about the report I requested on any sudden increase of any particular kinds of illness in the army?"

"In two camps last week we've discovered that there was a sharp increase in one kind of illness, sir, but it's not the sort you could call an epidemic."

concerned the army of drafted men—

Suppose those fiends in Shanghai had evolved some new scheme, scraped from the very bottom of hell, by which heart trouble could be made epidemic at will—

An army stricken with heart trouble!

A cold sweat was on the wrinkled

Lawson," using the first name that popped into his head, "his pilot?"

"No. Gazzetti—Carlo Gazzetti."

"Oh—an Italian. They make swell aviators."

"Three wops rolled into one and sprinkled with Parmesan cheese. They say as he useter be with the Eyetalian army. Carlo," with an intolerant sniff, "is another one o' them refugees."

Simpson drank his coffee.

"Where's the Heinie's place?" he inquired presently, lighting a cigarette.

"Down the road a piece." The cook pointed through the cloudy glass window. "The white house. You can't miss it." He paused. "Listen," he went on, leaning across the counter. "Wottya wanta know for?"

"I'm a pretty good gardener, and I thought that in the morning . . ."

"Not a chance, brother. The place is still closed. All except the cottage. The Eyetalian lives there. Came a coupla days ago and has been fiddlin' with the plane ever since. Takes most o' his meals here at the diner." He added, and Simpson was interested to hear it: "He's all alone."

Simpson left. He walked down the road. Less than half a mile away he saw an ornamental gate with "Von Dennewitz" carved on the stone posts.

He stopped.

Spring, this year, had come early, and the silver of the full moon was dancing about the budding foliage of the trees in fleeting, delicate arabesques. Through their tracery he caught a glimpse of the house, cool and white, pagan in its Greek simplicity.

Oh, yes—he reflected—Nick's oft-repeated plaint, that there was no particular hardship in being a refugee, seemed to have a basis of justice, at least where Manfred von Dennewitz was concerned. But then the latter had never denied that he was a very wealthy man and that, thanks to powerful banking and family connections, he had been able to withdraw from Germany a good deal of his vast fortune. Besides, he had been old Mrs. Van Diemen's sole heir. . . .

An automobile shot past Simpson with tooting warning horn and gleaming headlights.

He paid no attention to it. Nor did he imagine that the people in the car would bother to turn their heads. He looked like a nondescript tramp; neat, except that he needed a shave; this was a triumph in effective disguise; even his eyeglasses were nondescript.

He strolled along.

A short distance farther down, on the opposite side, was a flying field, separated from the highway by a thick boxwood hedge. There was a small hangar with a wide door, massively bolted, and a neat little cottage.

A man—doubtless it was Gazzetti, the Italian pilot—was standing at the open window, looking out and whistling. He could not see Simpson, who was hidden by the boxwood hedge.

The detective sighed. He liked a good mattress and filling food; but this hedge would have to be his bedroom and the supply of candy bars his breakfast.



ILLUSTRATOR
EDWIN HENRY

forehead of Harland Simpson as he walked to the ticket window of the Long Island Railroad.

BY AHMED ABDULLAH

'A girl left behind . . . a swift flight into new danger—How will Simpson play his hand?

★ "YEAH!" said Nick Pappakopoulos, the all-night cook of the Skillet Twelve diner on the outskirts of Babylon, Long Island. "One o' them refugees—that Heinie. Down to his last million bucks. I wish I was one o' them refugees. Then I wouldn't have to toss hamburgers for a livin'." He lowered the gas flame. "Onions or pickles, mister?"

"Both," replied Harland Simpson. "And don't forget the mustard and the chili sauce."

"O. K. by me. It's your insides."

"Sure is." The detective ate. "Got a private flying field and a plane, I hear."

"Yeah! Aw"—again, bitterly—"one o' them refugees. I wish I was . . ."

"Say," Simpson cut in, "isn't Bill

"What, please?" inquired Simpson. "Heart trouble, sir!"

When Simpson hung up the telephone, his eyes were grim. Heart trouble! Li Su-Chang falling unconscious in that telephone booth at Singer's drugstore! And the plot

For—and that was the reason he had taken the owl train to Babylon—he would have to be up tomorrow with the sun, before Nag Yat came over from New York, either by motorcar or by an early train. And it would have been risky to spend the night at a local hotel. Babylon was a small town, and people would have gossiped . . . a stranger . . . so late at night—and no baggage. . . .

Shortly after he lay down, the electric light in the cottage was switched off. The pilot, too—Simpson figured—would have to be up betimes, since he would have plenty to do tomorrow morning; would have to check the gas, tune up the plane, make a careful last-minute inspection for the two-thousand-and-then-some-miles jump to Yucatan.

★ SIMPSON was awakened by the rays of the young sun shooting up, racing along the rim of the world in a sea of fire that put out the paling moon, flushing the east with rose pink and orange; by the drowsy canticle of morning—a finch gurgling and twittering, a metallic buzzing of flies around a puddle, and a voice raised in gay Italian song.

Then the song was drowned by the clank-clank of a hammer. And the detective sat up, peered over the hedge, saw a stocky powerful man working at a plane which had been wheeled out of the hangar.

"Obey that impulse!" Simpson said to himself.

He leaped across the hedge. The other turned, looked, went back to his work.

An *imbécille*, he thought, a country hick. But he became interested when the country hick, who had stepped up, asked an intelligent question:

"Four-hundred-horsepower motors?"

Gazzetti smiled. "You have flown?"

"A bit. Got my wings in the last war," it was the truth, "when I was a kid. Swell bus, isn't she?"

"Indeed, *signor*, she is—ah—*ammirabile*—wonderful. She is—how you say?—the pippin—the miaow of the cat."

"Swell bus," repeated Simpson.

The Italian's smile widened. A typical flyer, he was as proud of the plane as if it had been his child.

"She is," he said, "something new. Italian. And, like Italy, a thing of—of youth and courage. Why, it is as if she almost drives herself. . . . Just look!" and he explained eagerly, enthusiastically, while Simpson listened eagerly, enthusiastically.

The machine was different in many ways, in a dozen technical particulars, from any that Simpson had ever seen or ridden. It was small and light, yet of great wing spread, strong and massive in every strut and furnished with a new arrangement of commodious gas tanks.

"I guess," commented Simpson, "she must hold enough for long flying."

"Yes, *signor*. For more than you think."

Again Gazzetti explained eagerly.

Again the detective listened as eagerly. He paid close attention to all Gazzetti said, occasionally feeding the man's childlike, ingenuous vanity by contributing a flattering remark; while the other, thanks to the same volatile vanity, went into detail about the various innovations of his plane, with the instrument board a maze, every last needle meaning something vitally important, a shimmering, intricate array of tachometers, thermometers, oil and air gauges, voltmeters, gas controls, switches, and starter buttons and banking indicators—an accurate chart, to him who knew, of all that was happening in the powerful motors.

"Go you a bet I could handle her myself."

The Italian was amused. If the other, he replied, should ever get the chance, he shouldn't forget the position of the pushmotor. He himself usually throttled it to twelve hundred feet as soon as he swung well into the air.

Here was another item which the detective stored away for eventual use. Then, suddenly, casually, he said:

"Mind letting me have that hammer?"

"What for, *signor*?"

"Show you in a moment."

The heavy tool changed hands. Simpson muttered, half to himself, "I hate to do it."

"Hate to do what?"

"This, boy friend," was Simpson's answer as—bam!—the hammer descended heavily on Gazzetti's unsuspecting head and felled him to the ground.

★ SIMPSON bent over the man; felt relieved when he saw that the other was merely knocked out. He glanced up and down the road. It was deserted.

Groaning a little under the weight, he picked up the pilot and carried him into the hangar. Built against one of the walls was a large tool closet with a small window high up. He dragged Gazzetti across the threshold, tied and gagged him securely, went through his clothes.

There were a few letters. One was from Nag Yat—a short note in which the Chinese said that he would be at the flying field promptly at eight in the morning and wished the pilot to be ready to take off immediately. Simpson looked at the other letters, discovered nothing that seemed urgent. So he pocketed them—for future perusal.

There was, furthermore, a considerable amount of money, both American and Mexican. That, too, he pocketed. But not as spoils of war. The money would be scrupulously accounted for when the day of reckoning arrived.

There was, finally, a passport. He examined it—and whistled. Clever stuff! Still, weren't other people also supposed to be clever? Somebody in New York and somebody else in Washington, he decided, were going to catch the devil when he got back on the job officially.

He put the passport back where he had found it; pushed the window part way open, since he did not want Gazzetti to smother; closed the door, and locked it.

He consulted his watch. Twenty after seven—which gave him enough time.

He went to the cottage, where a quick search discovered what he wanted: an air map marked all the way to Mérida, the capital of the province of Yucatan, and a flying suit with helmet and great goggles.

There was a telephone. He called up Jim Macdonnell gave rapid instructions.

Macdonnell was to come out to Babylon, to the Dennewitz place, about twenty minutes after eight in a closed H.L.7 car. He'd need two other agents to help him—first, to obtain a warrant on injunction charges from a judge at breakfast. They would have to step on it. They would find Carlo Gazzetti in the tool closet. The latter was to be taken, immediately and secretly, to the little house in Brooklyn.

Not to be allowed—however much he yelled and threatened—to communicate with anybody. To be thoroughly grilled, chiefly about the passport—but, unnecessary caution, no rough stuff. But he wanted Gazzetti sweated—and sweated good—and kept on ice until he returned.

When would he return? Soon—he hoped.

And wasn't Hugh Trumbull the H.L.7 agent in Yucatan? All right. The following message, in code, to Trumbull, and the password was "Orchids."

Now, as to Li Su-Chang.

Not hearing from Simpson, she might be nervous. So Macdonnell was to get word to her, and be careful about it. Keep an eye on her.

For long minutes after he had finished talking with Macdonnell, he studied the air map. Again he consulted his watch. Almost time.

★ HE put on the flying suit. The helmet and goggles made him look like a medieval knight with visor down. It was a perfect disguise.

He walked over to the plane. He felt rather fidgety. More than a year since he had flown. . . .

Presently a taxicab came down the road. It stopped. Nag Yat got out, paid the driver, crossed the field, carrying his small suitcase.

"Ready, Carlo?" he asked.

"Yes, *signor*," replied Simpson, his voice a perfect imitation of the imprisoned original, while he opened the shutters of the forward motors and shoved on the throttles.

We're off! he thought.

He locked his feet on the rudder bar, bent forward on the wheel as hard as he could; and, with its immense horsepower crystallized into three perfect motors, the plane started as if shot from a gun. Out of the narrow shallow Long Island valley it roared, with Simpson giving the wheel a spin and using full right rudders,

making the turn easily and gracefully, banking around until the floating compass read southwest, going higher and higher.

New York smiled beneath in the morning sun. Faster and faster flew the plane, while Simpson's ears and eyes took in the story of the motors. Hour after hour. Away up—with a clean, climbing turn, a smooth working together of rudder and stick. Still higher. Arching into the vaulted skies. On, through—eating up the distance!

They made several descents for refueling. But Nag Yat made no trouble. He had taken a cup of coffee soon after the take-off; the coffee was loaded with sleeping tablets; Nag Yat slept through most of the journey, including the refueling. Once he woke up long enough to shout a question above the din and clangor of the engines.

The detective shook his head.

"No can talk, *signor*," he shouted back. "Work to do."

And work it was as, with evening—he had been hitting over two hundred miles an hour—he knew, by sign of a great river forking east and southeast and hogback hills melting into a great welter of sugar-loaf mountains, that he had reached northern Mexico. Evening that brought to these mountains the immense peace of the moon, while—and he smiled—back home in New York it would be bringing the strife of innumerable small suns on Broadway and Seventh Avenue, glittering with hectic carnival tinsel . . . and everything dripping and oozing light . . . light that stained the rolling tons of night sky with brassy orange and intolerable scarlet as neon signs hiccuped their motley arrogant challenge and advertised all manner of things, from chewing gum to Chicago pork products, from Jack Dempsey's Restaurant to the Golden Peiping Cabaret.

He thought of it. Thought of Li Su-Chang of the hat-check counter. Thought of her with a queer heart-breaking tenderness. Wondered if she was thinking of him.

She was.

★ SHE drew in her breath sharply when Macdonnell, who at three in the morning climbed up to her window and, like his chief before him, invaded her bedroom while her nurse slept; told her what Simpson was doing.

"Fl-flying?" she stammered.

"Nothing to get worried about. The chief knows his stuff."

"But . . ."

"Listen!" Macdonnell stared at her hard. "Are you fallin' for him?"

She grew indignant. "Oh," she replied, "nothing of the sort! I—I like him. I like him lots."

"O. K., as long as it's merely likin'. You see, that guy has only one love. His sweetie is Uncle Sam. Lay off him!" He turned and crept toward the window; whispered over his shoulder, "Anyway—I repeat—don't you worry about him."

Yet Macdonnell, too, was worried.

Furthermore, he was dissatisfied—with himself.

He had not done so well with Carlo Gazzetti, although all day he and two other H.L.7 agents had grilled the man after taking him to the Brooklyn hideaway. At first the Italian had yelled for lawyer and consul. Afterward he had kept a stony, unbreakable silence.

Finally Macdonnell had given up. Wait, he had reflected, till the chief comes back. The chief had a few persuasive tricks up his sleeve. . . .

But when would Simpson be back? How was he getting on? And suppose he reached Yucatan all right, how was he going to cope with Nag Yat? The latter, sure enough, had confederates in that part of the world, while Harland Simpson would be in a minority of one. . . .

No—two! For there was Hugh



BY REAMER KELLER

"What if dad does help me with my speech for school, mom? Even Roosevelt has help!"

Trumbull, the H.L.7 agent at Mérida. Good guy, old Hugh, with a bean on him—and he must have received that coded telegram hours ago.

Macdonnell went home and to bed; was kept so busy all the following day with carrying out Simpson's various instructions, that he had little time for worry.

But with afternoon his worry returned.

Had Simpson made it all right?

Macdonnell looked at his watch. Yes, if everything had gone well, Simpson must be almost ready to land. And Macdonnell was right. For just about then Simpson, flying low, saw a cluster of houses; saw, beyond it, a long narrow field which—the map told him—was the landing place on the outskirts of Mérida.

He cut to six hundred and climbed down, dropped across a line of trees thirty feet high, pulled back on the wheel, hit the ground easily on three points, made it safely.

"Here we are, *signor*."

He noticed an automobile speeding toward the plane. Nag Yat's friends, doubtless, come to meet him.

He was nervous. What now? How was he going to play his hand? And had he more than a busted flush?

Nag Yat's sleepy voice interrupted his pessimistic thought:

"Wait here, Carlo, and look over the plane. Then snatch a few hours' sleep. We take off again late tonight. I know it is hard on you. But—ah . . ." He was silent for a moment, then slowly and solemnly he pronounced the words: "We work for the future. Great and splendid work—eh, Carlo?"

"Yes, *signor*."

The Chinese descended from the cockpit.

"You will need gas?" he asked. "Shall I send some?"

Simpson smiled behind his goggles. There were only a dozen gallons left. But it was enough—for the purpose which the detective had in mind. So he replied that he had plenty of gas. And because of this same purpose, speaking in his thickest Italian accent, he said in answer to the other's question that he needed nothing. There were still sandwiches in the lunchbox; also a quart of coffee. Nag Yat shouldn't bother—about anything. He'd go over the plane, sleep for a few hours, and be ready by the time the Chinese got back.

Nag Yat inclined his head and walked over to the automobile, which had come closer. He climbed aboard and was off in a cloud of dust, leaving Simpson alone—but not for long.

★ FOR, a few minutes later, another car approached. It stopped and a short wiry man stepped out. He strolled up to Simpson, who had taken off helmet and goggles and was wiping his face.

"Had a long trip?" the stranger inquired.

"Pretty long."

"Maybe from New York?"

"Maybe from New York."

"Maybe from Babylon, Long Island?"

"Maybe from Babylon, Long Island."

"Maybe here in Mexico to hunt—orchids?"

"Orchids it is."

Then the other laughed. "My name," he said, "is Hugh Trumbull."

"And mine . . ."

"I know, sir. I'm one of the few who know your face. Saw you at the time of the Schultze-Werner case."

They shook hands.

"I'm getting quite a kick out of this," remarked Trumbull—"talking with a man risen from the dead."

"Not for any length of time."

"Oh?"

"Because, you see, I'm going to die again. In fact, within the hour. Listen, Hugh. . . ."

What trick has Simpson up his sleeve? Can he fool the wary Chinese a second time? And how can he discover what he must know—the details of the horrible plot? Strange secrets are waiting to be uncovered; thrilling moments are at hand! Don't miss next week's chapter.

★ VANCE clung to the bottle as he scurried before the chill wind, across the blackness to the rickety penthouse that stood like a cracker box atop a raft.

Caldwell was at his desk, a sheaf of yellow copy paper in his hand, and Vance put on a grin as he advanced with the bottle.

"That the third act?"

Caldwell nodded, one eye on the bottle. "What did you think of the rest of it?"

"If the third is as good, you've got a smash, kid. Open this and get some glasses."

"Sure," Caldwell said, "I'll drink with you."

Vance, standing at the desk, moved the instant Caldwell disappeared in the kitchen. It took a moment to open a drawer, drop a handkerchief over the small-caliber automatic there and pocket it, his eyes touching the manuscript and the stack of unpaid bills on the desk as he straightened. He was smiling and at ease as Caldwell poured the drinks and added water, but he could tell even then that something was wrong and was glad his plan had been made in time.

"Four days it took me," Caldwell said. He sat down and made himself another drink, his grin mirthless and the stamp of weariness upon his haggard blond face. "Thanks to you."

"Me?"

"I didn't know until then how much you hated me, nor how long you'd kidded me along. Because of Margaret, wasn't it?"

Vance tried to control his facial muscles, to look surprised and hurt. *Yes, you stupid fool*, he thought, and knew that there had been a hate of sorts even before Margaret—even when that first successful collaboration took them to Hollywood. Jim Caldwell, with his country-boy manners and stupid gullibility—and his facile, gifted way of writing. He had tolerated Caldwell then because he needed him, always contemptuous of his innocence and jealous of his talent as he made him believe that it was he, Vance, who knew construction and technique. When Margaret, a bit player then, had turned him down for Caldwell—

"Are you crazy?" he said.

Caldwell picked up the stack of bills, grunting softly. "You're good, old man. I've got to hand it to you, kidding me into thinking *you* were the one who was broke. Hitting me for a touch whenever you dared. Rent money I had to borrow for you, charge accounts I couldn't pay. This one's my eviction notice—I've got until the first. Here's the attachment on the furniture, what there is of it."

He waved a hand, and Vance followed it, seeing the wallboard interior Caldwell had put up himself to help reduce the rent, the piano, the divan, the worn chairs, the desk with its telephone and its battered old typewriter.

"You've been talking about me for

quite a while, haven't you, Vance? Just a word here and there where it would do the most good and start the creditors yammering. Poor old Caldwell! Washed up, finished, written out."

"You're out of your mind." Vance made the smile come again to cover his wrath. "Why, we've been together five years—"

"Sure." Caldwell stuffed the bills into an inside pocket and drank again. "I didn't believe it, either, when I found out what you'd been doing. And then I saw the reason. You held back your own dough and kept sponging, working me deeper into debt, figuring Margaret would divorce me when you had me on the ropes." He laughed abruptly. "When we had our scrap a year ago, who was it that kept harping about my pride and independence? Who insisted I had to leave her until I'd proved myself again? Oh, you're good, all right. As good as I was dumb. I asserted myself. I left her to work with you—and this is what it got me."

He pulled out a telegram and tossed it on the desk. Vance had seen it before—had counted on it: a wire from Simonds, their agent, saying that a revise of an old story had proved a bust.

spect the gun and the details of his plan. He had known what he had to do when he read the first act of Caldwell's three nights ago. With such a play, Caldwell would not only have success again, but Margaret as well. Then he, Vance, would have nothing, not even hope. This way—well, one hit was all he needed. Margaret still liked him; he knew that. She'd take her husband's suicide as an acknowledgment of failure, as would every one else.

The thought of a future writing Margaret's pictures for her made a pleasing picture to Vance, even now. He dwelt upon it fondly until he heard the young couple next door come back from their nightly movie expedition; then he smiled and went into the bedroom.

Last night he had been playing the table radio when the young husband—Ward, his name was—had the nerve to pound on the wall for silence. Not until then did Vance realize how paper-thin the walls were; not until then did the last fragment of his plan fall into place. Now he moved the telephone table close to the partition and waited, his ear to the panel.

Somewhere in his chest a nerve began to jump. He could feel the

Boy, are you Lucky

He had a sweet plan for murder, but the whole thing blew up in his face

"Well, thanks for everything, pal. I'm writing my own stuff now. I just wanted you to be the first to read it." Caldwell put down his glass. "I'm broke, all right; but I've enough to eat while I revise it and get it copied, enough to air-mail a copy out to Simonds. After that I won't need money. Go ahead and read it."

"With you heckling me?" Vance rose. "Stop acting like a freshman. I'll be back after I've read it. Maybe I'll bring a doctor. You're beginning to sound like a paranoiac."

With the need for pretense past, he was not aware of the chill blast that struck him as he crossed the roof, but only of the hot and bitter hate inside him.

It had been hard, putting on the act for Caldwell when what he wanted to do was use the gun. Because everything Caldwell said was true. He had known of Margaret's contempt for failure, but his campaign to break the man had not reckoned with the odd streak of loyalty that held her to Caldwell when he was down.

Vance went, now, to his own third-floor apartment, where he could in-

Lieutenant Myers stood over the still figure and watched the ambulance surgeon work.





ILLUSTRATOR
M. S. HOFF

BY GEORGE HARMON COXE

dampness in his palms, the sudden dryness in his throat. Presently he wanted to yell at them to hurry up, to come into their bedroom and listen to what he had to say.

Then, as he fought for self-control, he heard them moving about, and quickly lifted the telephone.

Dialing his own number with an unsteady finger, he hung up softly. Almost at once the bell rang, startling him and tearing at his nerve ends. He made himself wait through the ensuing silence for the second jangling ring; then lifted the instrument and began to talk loudly, leaning close to the partition.

"Yeah. . . . What?" He let his voice rip out. "No. . . . Jim! No, for God's sake, Jim! Wait. . . . Don't shoot!"

He hung up, knocked over a chair on purpose, and ran through the living room, realizing now that all tension had gone from him and that no longer was he shaking and uncertain, but cool and calm and poised.

He heard a door open as he raced

for the stairs, and from the corner of his eye saw the white startled faces of the Wards. They heard him, all right. And the rest of it was simple.

He, Vance, had no apparent motive for murder. But Caldwell's motives for suicide were pointed and unmistakable. His own gun, the telltale eviction notice, the wire of rejection on that old script, the bottle of liquor. . . .

Caldwell was still at his desk. Vance walked straight to him, his grin fixed and colorless, and then, not saying a word, pulled out the gun, leaned over, and put it against the hardness of the man's chest.

The report of the little gun was muted, harmless-sounding. He felt the slap of recoil, saw Caldwell's torso jerk slightly, the look of surprise in his eyes. Then, even as he slumped forward, Vance was wiping off the gun, amazed at the simplicity of the act, the absence of all emotion.

He felt for limp fingers, imprinted them on the gun, which he left on the desk—a man shooting himself in the heart would use his thumb on the trigger and therefore could not cling to a gun—and knew his job was done. Call the police and, while they were on their way, destroy the carbon of the script. That was all. . . .

Lieutenant Myers stood over the still figure that now lay on the divan and watched the ambulance surgeon work beside it.

"Hang on," the doctor said. "I'll have the slug in a second." He made a deft twisting motion with his forceps, flicking the bullet out on a piece of cotton and passing it to the lieutenant.

"Now," he said, and slapped on an emergency dressing so Caldwell could sit up. "Knocked you out, but it didn't penetrate more'n a half inch," he said. "Thanks to these. Boy, are you lucky!"

Caldwell's face was white and set as he took the stack of unpaid bills that had been in his shirt pocket next to his heart, and he inspected curiously the jagged, matted hole.

"So's the other guy lucky," Myers said. "Lucky, when we pick him up, it won't be for murder. He had a sweet plan. The suicide phone call he faked was a darb. Only when he got up here he found out he'd trapped himself. When he saw this phone was out of order he knew we'd know the call never could've been made. So the whole thing blew up in his face and he had to run. The Wards saw him and called up."

"It wasn't out of order," Caldwell said shakily, and glanced at the top-most bill in his hand—a form statement from the telephone company saying that, due to the unpaid balance, service was being discontinued. He passed it to Myers. "Vance can thank himself for that one."

"And, brother, it's a good thing you had a stack of 'em," the doctor said.

Caldwell sat quite still, a faraway look in his eyes. "Yeah," he said finally. "It's funny, but I guess I'll have to thank Vance for those, too."

THE END

"The industry will have to make better pictures or the exhibitors won't buy them."



READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

★ NOT since the talkies came to Hollywood has so poignant a crisis arisen as now embroils the movie industry. Every silver screen in every theater is being affected by it. Every star and every picture are involved. Already the changes are drastic, and you can see a few of the results if you happen to go to a movie theater.

A lot of things had been simmering under the celluloid surface of Hollywood for some time. What brought them all to a boil was that document of a few million words which for brevity's sake people in Hollywood call the "consent decree." After lying around like a time bomb for months, the darn thing went off on August 1. Maybe you didn't hear it, but, believe me, there wasn't a soul in Hollywood whose pocketbook and future career weren't shaken by it.

"This," everybody admitted, "is sure going to make a difference in pictures."

Since pictures had been jogging along in a good old rut, a severe case of jitters attacked Hollywood citizens. In this great emergency, for the first time, everybody faced an important question: Who runs Hollywood? Because the answer to that might well be the answer to what the consent decree would do to the pictures that some of you are going to see in the coming months.

"The consent decree will force the industry to make better and better pictures or the exhibitors won't buy them," a young director told me. "It will be the healthiest thing that ever happened to our work."

But a lawyer, older and more staid, said gloomily, "This will be bad. It will destroy the small exhibitor. His profit will be eaten up. Any such radical change coming at this already critical time of labor disputes and foreign market collapse will cause disaster."

How was it going to affect the people who paid their money at the box office to see movies?

Of course, most people know that the boys in Washington who object to what they call trusts started attacking an old Hollywood custom called block booking. This simply meant that the theater owner had to take all or nothing from any given studio, sight unseen. For instance, if some folks wanted to see Tyrone Power, the exhibitor had to make a blind date with all the other productions up to a round number put forth by Twentieth Century-Fox, which has Mr. Power under contract.

Naturally, if there were a few stinkeroos and lemonolas among them, the public and the manager were hooked. Those were the nights when people went home and decided after this they would save their dough and listen to the radio. But then along came Ty Power, and back some of

them went. Audiences who insisted upon Bette Davis obliged their exhibitor to find her in the same grab bag which would also contain a few ham dishes.

All this, said the boys in Washington who are making over our economic structure, was a combination in restraint of trade. It must, they said, cease.

The motion-picture industry hates trouble that interferes with production. So as a whole it agreed of its own free will to abide by a court order mutually drawn instead of going into court and fighting about the thing. The producers accepted the consent decree. And the consent decree set forth that no studio can force the man who owns a theater—whether it be the Bijou Theater in Horsefeathers or the Capitol in New York City—to take an entire program, including what Hollywood calls the "stinkers."

In fact, it ordained that no exhibitor might buy more than five pictures at a time. It became illegal for him to contract for any movie he hadn't seen with his own two eyes. In the good old days, exhibitors hardly ever saw 'em before the public did. Many pictures weren't even made when they were sold to the theater managers.

The consent decree rode through Hollywood, leaving devastation in its wake. For it upset the methods of producing, selling, advertising, and

reviewing pictures. Where formerly a studio had planned its year's work ahead and placidly sold its fifty or sixty pictures because the little-theater manager had to take them all to get Crawford or Garbo or Gable, now it could sell only five at a time. Nobody was any longer allowed to take anything on faith just because it was produced by M-G-M or Warner Brothers or United Artists.

Now for the amazing changes that must take place and that will have some sort of manifestations before the eyes of moviegoers—what these manifestations will be depending largely upon who runs Hollywood.

All the major studios said recently that in the last two months business at the box offices all over the country had skyrocketed. Three of them gave a lot of credit to the consent decree; one was on the fence; one said the consent decree didn't have anything to do with it—it was just better pictures. Why the better pictures all of a sudden they didn't choose to explain.

Y. Frank Freeman, who went out from the New York office a couple of

way: "Now that the exhibitor is buying no more than five pictures at a time, and does not buy them sight unseen, he thinks he will be able to show his customers better pictures. He can buy the best ones he sees. He has the choice of not buying if he considers the picture unsuitable to show on his screen. He can, if he wishes, become a real showman at last. Buying twenty times a year should keep every exhibitor on his toes, and will give him back his self-respect."

Let's see how the five-picture "trade showing" for the exhibitor works. Here, for instance, is a list of the five pictures Paramount ran at its first trade showing after the consent decree:

1. Hold Back the Dawn, with Charles Boyer and Paulette Goddard.
2. Nothing But the Truth, starring Bob Hope.
3. New York Town, with Mary Martin and Fred MacMurray.
4. Buy Me That Town.
5. Henry Aldrich for President, one of the Henry Aldrich series.

The second five included Skylark, with Claudette Colbert and Ray Mil-

The point stressed by those who see in this new method a great hope for the advance and artistic development of pictures is that now every picture must stand on its own. Of course there are plenty of "bugs" in the method still. The exhibitor will have to pay more for outstanding films. Small exhibitors will suffer greatly under the expense of having to go to see pictures in small lots—though already the sales managers of certain companies are setting up "field operations" offices. Publicity is all tangled up. But there are plans to decentralize promotion, to do away with national press release dates, and to send men into various districts to handle campaigns for pictures in close co-operation with the theaters themselves.

One important executive told me that he felt very, very sad about the whole thing. The motion-picture industry had all been getting along so nicely. To be sure, people hadn't been going to see pictures the way they used to, but that wasn't the pictures, it was "conditions." There would, he said, always be great pictures and

Who Runs Hollywood Now?

Consent-decree jitters! . . . What will they do to filmdom's balance of power?

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

years ago and made over Paramount, and who is head of the Motion Picture Producers Association, said to me, "After all, the whole thing is still on trial. But certainly we have high hopes that it will stimulate us to better pictures, mean better business in theaters, and bring about finer entertainment for the public."

The man who runs the town or neighborhood theater is the man who buys and exhibits pictures. He is the middleman between the producing companies and the public. Here is what has happened to him:

In days gone by, studios made series of thirteen to twenty-six pictures all of one type. It's my sincere belief that they thought they made the best pictures possible. On the other hand, it was human nature to grind 'em out under budget and take the flat price of an advance sale. If they weren't too good, the exhibitor could always blame the block-booking system. He'd had to take them.

Nobody paid much attention to the pictures in the lower budgets. Those were the ones the moviegoer sat through in agony on double bills in order to see something he wanted to see. Now the exhibitor himself sees five pictures *before* he buys them.

Charles Skouras of the Fox West Coast Theater chain put it to me this

land; Birth of the Blues, with Bing Crosby and Mary Martin and Rochester; Night of January 16th, big names being Robert Preston, Ellen Drew, and Nils Aster; and Glamour Boy, which has Jackie Cooper, Susanna Foster, and Walter Abel.

When this initial trade showing was over, an exhibitor spoke up: "Let's forget about A, B, C and all that nonsense. Let's just look at them as pictures." For, as it happened, the buyers liked Glamour Boy as well as any picture on the list, and they thought Henry Aldrich for President by far the best of the Aldrich numbers.

Now this, I am told, encourages the studio and encourages the artists. The studios buckle down to discover new talent, and the newcomers get hot and think they've got a chance to register and if the exhibitor likes them he might even do a job for them in his theater.

good, fair, and punk pictures. The consent decree had destroyed Hollywood's peace—perhaps for years to come.

Whether Hollywood is to take advantage of this new stimulus and make better pictures or whether it is to result in confusion and distress depends upon who runs Hollywood in this crucial hour. With the earthquake of the consent decree rocking all the foundations and turning the old order upside down, everybody rushed forward with whoops of joy to run Hollywood. Here is a brief list of the people who are in this race for power:

1. The I. A. T. S. E. and M. P. M. O. (sometimes known as the big bad wolf but technically the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees and Moving Picture Machine Operators.)
2. The Screen Actors Guild.
3. The Screen Writers' Guild.

4. A. M. and P. M. geniuses. 5. Agents. 6. Critics and trade-paper reviewers. 7. Old-line producers. 8. Would-be new-line producers. 9. The banks. 10. The Hays office. 11. Box-office stars. 12. New Deal experts from Washington.

It used to be taken for granted that the producers ran Hollywood. Then folks started shaking the tree and things began to tumble. All over the country redistribution of profits, compromises on wages and salaries were going on. Hollywood was no exception. Readjustments with labor—and, possibly, of the enormous salaries—had to be made.

Unfortunately, this gave a gent named Willie Bioff a chance to rear his head. The United States government up and charged that Bioff accepted half a million bucks from certain producers to avert a strike among the unions Bioff controlled—and Bioff controlled the I. A. T. S. E.

★ AT this time I would say they were making the pace on who runs Hollywood. There are fifty-six separate and distinct unions in the motion-picture industry. Within the large circle we find the following: The property men. The projectionists. All cameramen except those called directors of cameras, who belong to an organization of their own, the American Society of Cinematographers. Make-up men and hairdressers. Costumers. Laboratory workers, who develop and print films. Cutters. Electric-light operators, which means all electricians who light all sets. Grips and Glass B grips, which means actually all laborers. Fitters, seamstresses, and tailors. All studio transportation and truck drivers, affiliated with Dave Beck's teamsters' union.

Also, the studio painters' union, which keeps itself to itself, and the carpenters' union, which is sometimes in sympathy with the I. A. T. S. E. and sometimes isn't.

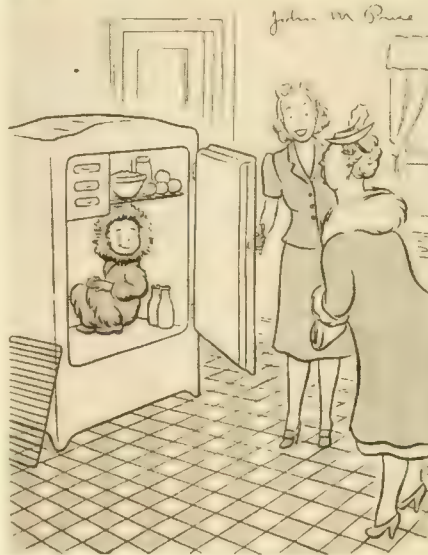
Then, of course, the all-powerful musicians' union, part of the A. F. of L. Deanna Durbin herself couldn't open her mouth in a picture without their support.

Willie Bioff was (and I understand still is) the personal Hollywood representative of George Browne, international president of the I. A. T. S. E. None of these local unions has yet achieved autonomy. They must and do take orders from Bioff and Browne, and this makes folks a little nervous. Any of the unions may call a strike, just or unjust—and then no pictures could be produced. For that matter, none could be shown at local theaters if the projectionists refused to operate their machines.

The United States government alleges that to prevent such a possibility \$500,000 was paid to Bioff, and further alleges that this was conspiracy or coercion or blackmail. The government was annoyed, the stockholders aghast, the fair name of the present producers somewhat shadowed, justly or unjustly, and public confidence shaken.

But both the old-line producers and the I. A. T. S. E. are still in there, I assure you.

An A. M. and P. M. genius, according to a well known Hollywood wit, "is a fellow who is a genius in the morning and a bum by afternoon. Before their pictures are released, they can tell you how to run Hollywood—and do they! Since their pictures haven't been put to the acid test of being seen, they *might* be geniuses. Since Hollywood dares not take the slightest chance of missing even a very small slice of genius—which is the thing it hopes to sell—these fellows run Hollywood until the vote comes in from the folks out front."



"This is Frank's little nephew—he's visiting us from Alaska."

As a matter of fact, there is always the chance of some new A. M. genius proving still to be a genius in the P. M.—and when one does so, artistically he runs Hollywood until everybody catches up. Darryl Zanuck did it when he changed the whole tempo of the motion picture. Irving Thalberg certainly did it, expanding the horizon 100 per cent.

As for the agents, they were a long shot in my book until several big men assured me without hesitation: "The agents run Hollywood." Of course the consent decree has immensely increased the power of the Hollywood agents, who hold contracts with stars, writers, and directors, and can tell them for whom to work and when and at what price. A comparatively new thing, now every figure, great or small, has an agent to deal for him.

I can't go into names and details about another group well up in the running. These are the younger men who want to be producers—the clever, modern, adventurous younger fellows who claim new vision and who, above all, are willing to cut present overhead by taking a quarter of what the present rulers get. They have a place in the sun right now. They shriek "Failure!" at the powers that be and

promise a new regime to artists and stockholders. Some of 'em are pretty bright boys, too.

Likewise spotlighted at this dramatic moment are the motion-picture critics and trade-paper reviewers. Until the consent decree rocked the boat, it was the custom of all studios to permit reviewers to see pictures at previews. The pictures had already been sold, so it didn't matter so much if the final cutting and retakes hadn't been done. Now, since the exhibitor doesn't buy a picture until he has seen it, Hollywood has taken the stand that the reviewer can't see it until the exhibitor does. The edict went forth, and a howl went up. The New York Times and Douglas Churchill of Redbook led the fight for the critics and Unger of Variety was on the mound for the trade papers. The industry held that the power of the press was being used to intimidate Hollywood in its hour of agony. In return, critics shrieked about the freedom of the press and responsibility to fans and readers. Studio gates were barred and unbarred. For a brief space it looked as though these representatives of the press were running Hollywood. The thing is still up in the air, and the situation seems explosive.

★ YOU know about banks. They also think they could run Hollywood better. Their recipe: Cut down the overhead, take up the slack. What, no time clock for writers? Directors allowed to run over budget? Fantastic prices for stars and directors? Impossible! To which Hollywood's weary retort over the years is, "We deal in human beings. When you handle the human equation, you must be elastic."

The banks, which have a large investment, have some reason on their side, for there is waste and inefficiency not covered by that excuse. A group of financiers have done an amazing job of putting Universal Pictures back on the map by installing efficiency and method.

Somewhere back in what racing gentry call the field we find two important organizations—the Screen Actors Guild and the Screen Writers' Guild. These are loosely connected with the other guilds and unions now active. All stars, actors, and extras belong to the first-named. After a lot of uproar and trouble, it is now comparatively quiet and happy under the presidency of Edward Arnold. Its members know that whoever runs Hollywood will have to deal with their Guild, and since the present agreements are fair and equitable they seem content. But in the coming readjustments they might take a strong hand in running Hollywood if they thought actors weren't getting a square deal, and they are in a position to do it.

A long-drawn-out struggle between the Screen Writers' Guild and the producers has recently reached a dizzy conclusion. Rumor, uncontradicted, has it that this Guild is a bit pink. Anyhow, the group in control of it have shrewdly used the crisis to im-

(Continued on page 38)

★ THIS is the tale as 'twas told to me by an old illusionist who trouped through the United States in the early part of this century, making women float in the air and taking rabbits, which he often needed for food, out of borrowed stovepipe hats.

The magician was a gloomy man. Business was getting worse all the time; his manager had disappeared with the cash from the box office, and wherever he trouped there was sure to be some opposing attraction that the public liked better—a minstrel show or a touring company of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Misfortune reached its climax in Minneapolis when one of his stage assistants eloped with the wife of a Chinese laundryman and was never heard from again.

Stanelgo the Great, so he told me, put an ad in the paper:

WANTED: Young man to go on the stage. Apply Bijou Theater, 10 A. M.

Stanelgo expected that half the young blades of Minneapolis would apply for the job, but only one showed up. He was a blond lumberjack emerging from a hangover. Stanelgo hired him, took him up on the stage and said to him, "Now, tonight I'm going to use you in only one trick. You will be dressed like the devil."

"I am dressed like the devil," said the lumberjack patiently.

"No, no! You'll wear a red suit with horns and a tail. When the time comes, you march on the stage. I put you in this cabinet here."

Stanelgo the Great then showed his new assistant, whose name was probably Corny, a large cabinet that looked like a wardrobe standing on four legs about a foot above the stage. It had two doors in the front. The magician opened the doors and went on:

"I put you in this cabinet. I close the doors. I shoot off a pistol. Then I open the doors. You are gone."

"Where?" asked Corny.

"I will show you that later. I show the audience the empty cabinet. I wheel it all around. Then I say, 'Where is the devil?' and wait a minute. Then I say, 'Where in the devil is the devil?' and I wait another minute. Then I say, 'Where in blank is the devil?' And you say, 'Here I am.' You're in the back part of the theater. You come romping down the aisle, up on the stage, and take a bow with me."

"When," asked Corny, "do I get paid?"

"After you take your bow," said Stanelgo. "Now I'll explain the trick."

"Here is a trapdoor in the stage. There are mirrors between the legs of the cabinet. There is a trapdoor in the floor of the cabinet. As soon as I close the doors, you open the trapdoor in the cabinet. You climb down be-

Where is the Devil?

OR

THE MELANCHOLY MAGICIAN OF MINNEAPOLIS

BY

ROBIN STAGE

hind the mirrors. You close the trapdoor in the cabinet. You go through the trapdoor in the stage and you climb down a ladder to the basement. Then you run like hell to the back door, up the stairs, down the alley, and around to the front door. Come into the theater and wait for your cue, which is 'Where in blank is the devil?' Then you come running down the aisle saying, 'Here I am.' Do you understand?"

Corny laughed and said he understood perfectly.

That night, when the great hour came, the new assistant marched on the stage resplendent in the crimson garb, horns and tail and cloven hoofs, scarlet tights, and cloak of Mephistopheles. Stanelgo the Great put him in the cabinet, closed the doors, and shot off the pistol. Finally he opened the doors and, with a sigh of thankfulness, found the cabinet empty. Corny was gone.

"Where is the devil?" cried Stanelgo, and waited a minute. "Where in the devil is the devil?" he cried, and waited another minute. "Where in blank is the devil?" he cried, and looked smilingly at the back of the house.

But from the voiceless void of the old Minneapolis theater there came no word. The man of magic cried in vain and the curtain fell on a mystery that puzzled not only the audience but the performer. No one knew where in hell the devil was.

But I can explain the mystery.

Corny obeyed instructions. He went through both trapdoors and scrambled down the ladder; he barked



Liberty's True Short Short

his shins but he did not quake. He raced across the basement, up the stairs and down the alley, and flung himself at the open theater door. But a ticket taker was standing there, a big skeptic who seemed to know nothing of the arrangements. He declined to admit the devil.

So the devil hit him in the jaw and knocked him cold, and then, realizing that he was late, rushed into the darkened theater crying, "Here I am!"

But he was in the wrong theater.

He was in the Jewel, not the Bijou, and the Jewel was playing Uncle Tom's Cabin. Little Eva was just floating up to heaven when Satan marched down the aisle.

Stanelgo got him out of jail but did not take up his option.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

★ WHEN Jack Benny saw Rochester's two-tone Buick station wagon, he was interested. When he saw Rochester's huge highly polished Lincoln Zephyr, he was more so. But when he finally laid eyes on his colored employee's new airplane, he promptly went to his writers and, as a gag, had them print and distribute throughout NBC and Paramount this headline:

"Extra! Extra! Jack Benny offers Rochester role of boss on his radio series. Benny bids for lucrative job of valet. 'I'm tired of working for glory,' says Benny. 'From now on I'm after the dough!'"

Which is a way of telling you that stocky cigar-puffing Eddie Anderson, alias Rochester, is in the chips. After years of struggle, he has pyramided

worked in an all-colored something called Struttin' Along. Next, he took to dancing with his brother Connie, and the two of them hit the Keith-Orpheum Circuit.

Then the talkies came. Rochester got small bits. He was Noah in *The Green Pastures*. He stole scenes in *Jezebel*. Mostly, in between times, he went hungry or picked up change hoofing in cafés. He blames his huge barbecue pit and his endless appetite on those lean years. "In my place, you'd eat too," he told me.

Four years ago, on an Easter Sunday, Jack Benny needed a Negro to play the brief part of a Pullman porter. Among the candidates was



\$3,250 a Week For Laughs

The story behind an exciting rise to fame, fortune, and this week's Liberty cover

a remarkable comedy patter, a home-made talent at singing and dancing, and an adhesive lovable personality into an income of \$2,500 a week from the movies and \$750 a week from radio.

But Rochester has done even more. He has become Public Negro Good-Will Ambassador Number One, a credit to his race. His popularity knows no limits. His own people, dwelling in that Harlem of Los Angeles, Central Avenue, have elected him their official mayor. His boss, Jack Benny, without fanfare recently handed him a bonus of \$10,000. And not long ago, on a personal-appearance tour, Rochester invaded the deep South, against the wishes of advisers—and the Charlotte, North Carolina, Observer spread his picture and his quotes across page one!

Rochester doesn't talk about money. Feels this might be bad policy for a Negro. His charities are tremendous—to Negroes and whites; to all institutions—but he won't let his publicists say a word about them (and he'll have my head for this line).

His minor ambition is to become a motion-picture director, but as his major ambition he wants President Roosevelt to establish a United States Army Aviation School for Negroes. He feels that a corps of great colored combat fighters—to be called "The Blackbirds"—would emerge. He has requested his Hollywood congressman, John Costello, to present the bill to the House. Today, with a plane of his own, he is not many solo hours away from his own pilot's license.

Now thirty-six years old, Rochester was raised in San Francisco, went to high school two years, and then, as a chorus boy and general handy man,

hungry Eddie Anderson. He won the audition, became a smash hit on the show, was brought back three different times, was dubbed "Rochester" by Benny simply because it sounded funny, and then was brought back for keeps. Today his scripts are written in good straight English, and he improvises Negro dialect into them. Incidentally, because he was born in the North, he had to learn a sound Southern Negro dialect.

His movie career progressed until today he is appearing with Bing Crosby and Mary Martin in *Birth of the Blues* and enacting his first semi-dramatic role.

However, neither Rochester's thirty suit-and-coat combinations, nor his yacht, nor his newly built fourteen-room, \$35,000 colonial home off Central Avenue is as sharp as his incessant chatter. On the subject of Eddie Anderson, he's a three-ring circus. For instance—

On his physical appearance: "My face? Some one once said my face looks as though I slept in it. Another critic asked me if it was my original face or a retread. I wear my hair departed in the middle. Once I was even too lazy to walk in my sleep—so I hitchhiked!"

On his past: "Experience is something you get when you're looking for something else."

On himself and his job: "Just a lull in a big broadcast!"

Rochester always backs his horses. And always loses. A short time ago, at Del Mar, he tried out a two-year-old. It won. It paid \$240 to \$2 and—for the first time—Rochester wasn't on it! Besides horses, his tastes go to talks with pal Duke Ellington, milk for breakfast, classical music, watching motorcycle races, managing a down-and-out but talented prizefighter, owning a night club, and joking with his wife and stepson.

Mrs. Anderson is an ex-court steno named Mamie who helped him in his climb, nicknamed him "Oozie-boozie," and stuck with him through thick and thin. His stepson and pride, twelve-year-old Billy, has taken over his swimming pool, his Little Theater in the basement, and his expensive miniature trains and tracks.

When I phoned Rochester, one of his four servants answered with, "This is the Anderson residence." Rochester grabbed the phone from her. He objects to formality. I told him I just wanted to check his height for this article. "My height?" he said. "Just write I'm so short that if I tried to pull up my socks I'd be blindfolded!"

Maybe. But also you know by now that he's an awfully big guy!

THE END

YOURS...FOR A "HAPPY BLENDING!"



1.

Gus Gobbler sat brooding
And spoke of his plight,
"I wouldn't mind roasting
If they'd stuff me just right."



2.

"Cheer up!" cried Friend Thelma
"Take the frown off your face,
Ma Johnson has bought you;
As a cook...she's an ace!"

3.

With rare skill and "fixin's,"
With no fuss or muss,
Ma blended a dressing
Quite worthy of Gus.

Happy Blending's the secret
Of great whiskey, too—
And that is why CALVERT
Will captivate *you*.



4. Like turkey and trimmings, mince pie and ice cream,
Happy Blending makes CALVERT the whiskey supreme.
So on Thanksgiving Day, serve this finest of blends—
Your palate will thank you, and so will your friends.



Clear Heads Choose

Calvert

THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

BLEND WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits Calvert "Special" 86.8 Proof—72% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

Can-You-Keep-a-Straight-Face Quiz

BY
W. C. FIELDS



HOW MANY OF
THESE 40 QUESTIONS
CAN YOU ANSWER?

Grade yourself as follows:

35 correct	Excellent
30 correct	Good
25 correct	Fair
20 correct	Passing
Under 20	Failing

1—What brilliant comedian's real name is Claude William Dukinfield?

2—What close friend of mine, today a Hollywood legend, once said, "As a writer I am a stylist, and the most beautiful sentence I have ever heard is, 'Have one on the house'?"

3—Can you name the chubby ex-burlesque funny man who became renowned for the expression, "I'm a ba-a-a-ad boy"?

4—What comedian, part Indian, said, "My folks didn't come over on the Mayflower, but they were there to meet the boat"?

5—List the three nationally known radio stars who, as a gag, ran for President of the United States.

6—When Lincoln was puzzled about a Cabinet, what humor writer advised him, "Fill it up with showmen, sir. Showmen are devoid of pollitics. They hain't got any principles. They know how to cater for the public. Showmen, sir, is honest men. Ef you doubt their literary ability, look at their posters. Ef you want a Cabinit as is a Cabinit, fill it up with showmen"?

7—What sensational comic, appearing in a picture called *The Great Man*, when asked if he liked little children, replied, "Yes, if they're well cooked"?

8—"When I was a boy of fourteen," said a famous American humorist, "my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be twenty-one, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years!" Who was the famous American humorist?

9—Who penned an uproarious book about outhouses that made a profit of fifty dollars a word and caused his daughter to cry from embarrassment?

10—A man called the Perfect Fool contended, "What this country needs is a good five-cent nickel." Who was the Perfect Fool?

11—And, by the way, what is the popular radio name of F. Chase Taylor?

12—Who killed Technocracy with the bright crack, "Nothing you can't spell will ever work"?

13—Can you recall two make-believe comedy feuds similar to the Ben Bernie-Walter Winchell one?

14—Who's responsible for the famous gag line, "Oh, I know Clark Gable very well. I call him Clark—and he calls me 'Hey you!'?"

15—What rotund comic, handsome, intelligent, kind, tells a famous story which begins, "Mister, don't kill Tom the Old

Fly! Why, once, in Upper Sandusky, I was placed in durance vile at the behest of a local blackguard . . .?"

16—What renowned wit, upon being introduced to Garbo, said, "Pardon me, I didn't catch the name"?

17—Can you name the abusive runt who weighs only forty pounds, yet owns forty-five suits worth seventy-five dollars each, and says of his boss, "Ah, he is a man of rare gifts—very rare"?

18—List three popular radio comedians whose wives play opposite them on the air. And their wives, please.

19—What immortal comic stated that, if he were elected President, he would bring these two items before Congress: (a) Political baby-kissing must come to an end—unless the size and age of the babies can be materially increased. (b) Sentiment or no sentiment, Dolly Madison's wash must be removed from the East Room?

20—The expression "straight man" means (a) a person who refuses to take part in a crime; (b) a member of a comedy team who acts as stooge and feeds jokes; (c) a comedian who refuses to tell off-color stories. Which is correct?

21—Can you name the bearded sage who spouted the line, "Youth is a wonderful thing—it's a shame it has to be wasted on children"?

22—And, in everyday life, just who is Baby Snooks and who is her much harassed daddy?

23—What swell storyteller, who often writes for *Liberty Magazine*, repeats the gag about the radical speaker who, in the heat of a debate, cried, "I am an atheist, thank God"?

24—Who is an ex-vaudevillian with the first name of George, who courted and proposed to what female screwball for three years before she finally said "Yes"?

25—Do you recall the movie executive credited with saying at a pep meeting, "Gentlemen, I want you to know that I am not always right—but I am never wrong"?

26—One of America's truly great funny men was a professional drowner in his youth. That is, he'd pretend to drown in the ocean, then, when a crowd gathered to watch him being revived in the beach beer garden, the owner would sell more hot dogs, ice cream, and drinks, and split the profit. Know whom I'm talking about?

27—Can you name the actress (she was once a sexational leading lady of mine) who gave this classic advice,

"Girls, the best way to hold a man is—in your arms"?

28—What rotund Supreme Court judge used to tell the one about the boy who killed his mother and father—then pleaded for mercy on the ground that he was an orphan?

29—Two rib ticklers have been on the radio for sixteen years, and they first got realistic ideas about Negro life by walking the streets of Harlem. Who are they?

30—Einstein's theory of relativity was once explained this way: "When you sit with a nice girl for an hour, you think it is only a minute; but when you sit on a hot stove for a minute, you think it is an hour." Who did the explaining?

31—What syndicated humorist once stated, "The narrower the mind, the broader the statement"?

32—Can you identify the humor writer who said, "There are only three basic jokes, but, since the mother-in-law joke is not a joke but a very serious question, there are only two"?

33—A certain Governor of New York, asked to speak at Sing Sing, began with, "My fellow citizens," then remembered the convicts weren't citizens, and said, "My fellow convicts." But that was worse. Finally he gulped and said, "Well, anyhow, I'm glad to see so many of you here." Who was he?

34—Who authored this dedication on a very funny book about golf: "To my daughter, without whose unflagging interest and constant assistance this book would have been written in half the time"?

35—What comedian, who speaks in a dry drawl, writes his own stuff, chews tobacco, drew \$100,000 for his last movie, once labeled his fellow comedians, "Intellectual midgets living on borrowed minds"?

36—Recently some one misled American youth by advising them, in applying for a job, as follows: "Never show up for an interview in bare feet. Do not read a prospective employer's mail while he is questioning you as to qualifications!" Do you know the blackguard who spouted this advice?

37—Let's also see if you know the famous and humorous epitaph on an atheist's tombstone in Thurmont, Maryland. Well?

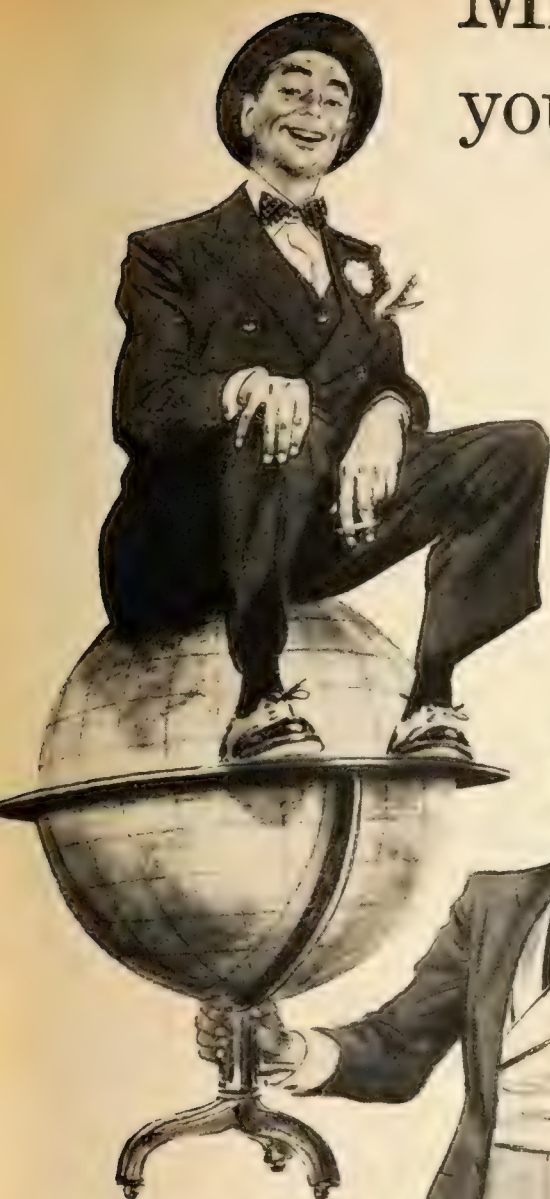
38—What publisher, insisting the word "news" was plural, wired a reporter, "Are there any news?" and received the prompt reply, "Not a new"?

39—Match a comic to each of the following bits of anatomy that have made the comics popular: (a) Nose; (b) mouth; (c) hands.

40—What gossip columnist, creator of Mr. Mefoofsky, once confessed, "I usually get my stuff from people who promised somebody else that they would keep it a secret"?

(Answers will be found on page forty)

"Mister Ditty____ you're sitting pretty!"



1. "You feel you're sitting on top of the world, Mister Ditty! You've got a Talon slide fastener in your pants...and it hasn't cost you a penny more. It never does!"



2. "You feel you won't have to worry about its being damaged in pressing or cleaning, because the Talon trouser fastener is strong enough for pants... has an exclusive coin-forged slider and lock.



3. "You feel confident that it won't expose you to embarrassing moments... because of its new special lock that can't slip open by accident! You trust it because every Talon slide fastener is inspected 37 different times in the making."



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Bug Doctor

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

★ THE reception clerk at Glen Alder is an elderly functionary who has seen wardens come and go. Sometimes unofficially I sit with him, talking to the newcomers, striving for clues that might make it possible for me later to assist in straightening out their psychological difficulties. They line up against the wall and one by one come forward and stand before the clerk's desk. He takes out a card and questions them, filling in blanks about age, birthplace, parents' names, etc. They go on into the next room, where they are fingerprinted, Bertillon-measured, photographed.

A motley collection, young, except a few old-timers and a parole violator or two. Everything is taken from them upon arrival—money, jewelry, all the contents of their pockets—to be returned upon release. Then they are brought to a shop where they are stripped and required to bathe, after which they are given their prison clothes. They are then marched under heavy guard to the undersized, uncomfortable cells where all newcomers must spend their first six weeks, or longer if the prison is crowded.

This period is the gloomiest, the most difficult for newcomers to live through. Most of them get over it all right. Some are marked with the effects of it forever.

We attempt to put to work those who have had some special training that might be of use in the prison. But in the main there is no work for them, and even those not prone to morbidness fall prey to it after a while. Those who either appear resigned or become belligerent are generally the hardened criminal types who have done time before. Many first-timers verge on madness from the monotony of their incarceration, and I see them disintegrating before my very eyes.

I am thinking particularly of Jim Martinson (which is not his real name) and of the girl Kay Tyndall, who loved him.

Martinson was a tall fair-haired fellow with a haughty, supercilious facial expression. He was an athlete who could trace his downfall to the fact that he had been just a little too good at his sport, swimming. He had held an intercollegiate championship at his distance, and had once been named for the Olympic team. As a result, he had fallen in with a

wealthy society crowd. In one way and another he had managed to live up to their standard, although falling more and more behind financially.

This lasted until he was over thirty. Then he found himself what the world of sports might call a "swimming bum." His need of money became acute. He tried a little blackmail—and landed in Glen Alder for a six- to ten-year term.

Before he had really become used to his confinement, he had been rash enough to tell one of the P. J.'s office workers that if they were outside he, Martinson, wouldn't let him or the P. J. shine his boots. This had been reported to the P. J.

"Wise guy, eh!" the P. J. had said. "Well, the only boots he'll find around here are the ones I'll put to him!"

Jim impressed me with his energy. "Ever see any of the Olympic games, doc?" he asked me one day. "Well, there's thousands of people around, all dressed up in their best clothes, and the band is playing and the flags flying, and the sun is shining . . . and when it's over you can go wherever you like without a pass. You never really appreciate such things until they're taken away from you."

I nodded. "You took them away yourself, Martinson," I said.

He laughed. "You prison officials are all alike. I thought maybe, because you're a psychiatrist, you might understand me. Why don't you get me some work to do? This idleness will kill me."

"You have a good education and you're pretty bright," I said. "But not bright enough to keep on good terms with the P. J.'s office, apparently. Didn't you know better than to give him a chance to ride you?"

He shrugged. "I couldn't be civil to a beast of that type if I wanted to," he said quietly. He was standing by the window now, watching the incredibly swift Indian River flashing past, eddying and whirling around the countless rocks.

"He's the man that can give you work," I said. "Or take it away from you."

We were silent for a while, he staring at the river. "Another thing," he said at length. "You know, most of the men here have visitors of one kind or another. I haven't a relative in the world, but there's a girl—"

"That's against the rules," I said. "Only relatives."

For a moment I could see his shoulders sag. "I thought maybe there'd be a chance of your fixing it up for

me, doc. You look as though you had your human moments."

"Thanks," I said. "Even an Olympic swimmer couldn't get across that river," I cautioned him.

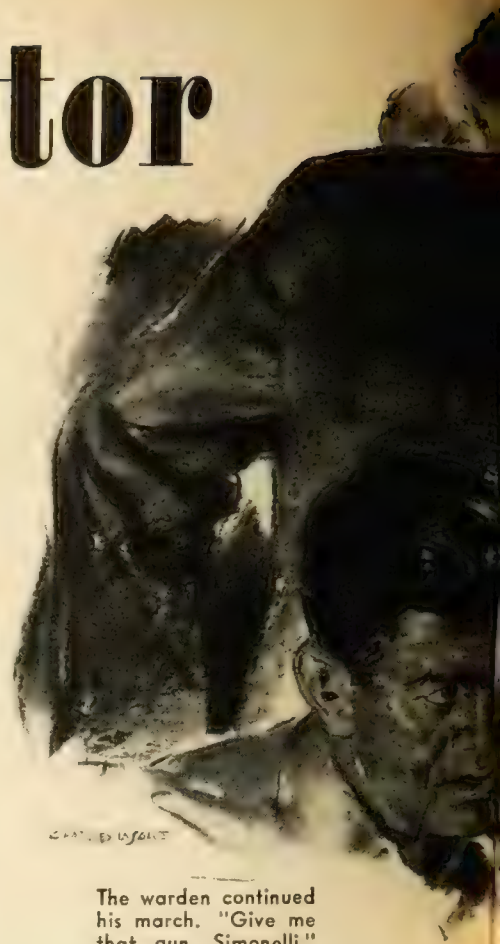
He turned and looked at me without emotion and, not to be outdone, said "Thanks" to me.

That night I called on the P. J., requesting work for Jim Martinson.

"Before I get done with that lug he'll wish he was dead," said the P. J. "And you just keep your scientific nose out of my affairs if you wanta keep your job." He turned his burly back on me and I left, determined to see Warden Knight. But once again the warden was away on a lecture tour.

Martinson's energy turned to boredom, which turned to black moods. He became silent and nasty. I was sorry for him, but without assistance from the officials who ran the prison, there was little I could do.

One evening a visitor was announced at my apartment, a Miss Kay Tyndall. A striking girl in the middle twenties, eager yet reserved, with dark hair, skin of an ivory pallor, and unusual amber eyes shaded with sorrow. "I'm Jim Martinson's friend," she said simply. "I've had a letter



The warden continued his march. "Give me that gun, Simonelli."

The Story of



Alienist in Prison *as told to*

AVERY STRAKOSCH

A girl loved . . . a boy died:
and the warden didn't care

from him. He says you're a human being. I'm not allowed to see him, so I've come to see you."

I was not surprised that she had received a letter from Martinson. Against the rules—but a few packages of cigarettes can accomplish wonders sometimes.

"Just what," I asked, "is your interest in him?"

"I love him," she said simply. "I always have. Ever since we were kids, living on the same block. He was older, and he went off to college. But we stayed in love."

"He loves you?"

She nodded. "I'll wait for him, no matter how long it takes. But if I could only see him sometimes—or if you could find something for him to do. . . . Oh, doctor, he's breaking up! I can see it in this letter! I thought

a prison was a place where they rehabilitate men, not where they break them down so they're no good to themselves or to any one else by the time they get out! You don't know Jim. When he gets desperate he's capable of doing anything. There's good in him, lots of it, and going to prison for what he did could have straightened him out for life. But the way it is . . ." She threw out her expressive hands in a hopeless gesture.

"I'll see if there's anything I can do to get him employment," I promised. Knowing the P. J.'s opinion of him, I had no real hope of any success. And talking again to the P. J. the next day got me nothing.

She came to see me again, this time at the prison, where I happened to be looking at some records in the reception clerk's office. Now she really was agitated. She had received another letter from Jim. She was convinced that he was about to do something desperate.

"Oh, doctor, if I could only see him for a few minutes!" she pleaded. "He'll never serve his term out! He doesn't care whether he lives or dies!"

I waited until she had herself in hand again. "This is a big institution," I said. "It's impossible to get special privileges. But I'll see what I can do. Wait here."

I left the clerk's office and telephoned. I was taking the law, the prison law, in my own hands. I went to the back gate of the Executive Building, the one that opens into the prison grounds. After a few moments Martinson appeared. Luckily, one of the young rookie guards accompanied him. "I'll bring him back," I said.

"What do you want?" Jim demanded.

I took his arm gently, guided him down the hall to the small office, and opened the door. There stood Kay

Tyndall with her back toward us. She turned. For an instant both of them were motionless, paralyzed. Then they were in each other's arms. When at last she lifted her face from his lips, her cheeks were drenched with tears.

"Oh, Jim!" she said.

That was the moment when the door opened and the P. J. came in. He took in the situation and laughed. "Well, doc! I guess all this is part of bug doctoring, ain't it?"

Jim Martinson and the girl dropped their arms. "Is that your wife?" asked the P. J. "If she ain't, she ought to be—eh?" And he laughed again.

Jim moved toward him, but I was quicker and was between them. "I'm taking you back to the yard, Martinson," I said severely. He went with just one backward glance at Kay. "You'd better leave immediately," I said to her.

"You know the rules of this institution, doc," said the P. J. "I'll make a report on this to Warden Knight."

"Make it and be damned!" I said, and pushed Martinson through the door and down the hall to the prison yard.

The next day Martinson was given work. A part of the mountain ran steeply down to the river. The prison had been trying to reclaim some of the land there by cutting away the mountainside. It was treacherous ground, and several times men had been caught in miniature landslides and badly injured. Now Martinson was put to work on this detail, with a shovel, in the most hazardous part of the cut.

Immediately after hearing about it, I went to see him on the job. The P. J. was there, directing a crew of men. The cut was now pretty deep. As I came along the P. J. was speaking to Martinson. I could not hear what he said, but I heard Martinson's answer:

"I'm not going in there. You have no right to send a man into a dangerous place like that."

The P. J. snarled, "You'll go wherever I send you, you ———! You wanted work and you're going to get it!"

Martinson's fist came up like a rattler striking. It lifted the P. J.'s ponderous bulk off the ground and sent him crashing into a heap of dirt and rubble. In an instant all the other prisoners on the detail were milling around uproariously. Martinson stood there, looking at the struggling figure of the P. J., who had, surprisingly, not been knocked out and was scrambling to his feet. The astounded guard on duty stood like a statue.

Then Martinson turned to the roaring river, ran to it, kicked off his shoes.

"Don't be a fool!" I called. "You'll be killed!"

He heard me and turned for an instant, smiling. "That happened months ago!" he threw back at me.

He plunged in, and his body was sucked into a whirlpool. I could see him battling against it with his powerful stroke. Two guards came running up with rifles.

"Lay off!" said the P. J. "He'll never make it, anyway!"

He struggled. No man could live long in that water among all those sharp boulders. The powerful eddies hurled him against one after another. Once he was sucked down into a pocket, and I thought it was the end, but a moment later I caught the gleam of his white face and the flash of his lithe arms as he battled for the farther shore. Nearer and nearer he came to it, each time to be dragged back. Indian River had never been crossed by a swimmer—but no Olympic champion had ever tried it before.

When it began to appear that he might make it, the prisoners shouted hoarse encouragement to him. The guards, even the P. J., stood as though fascinated. And at last, with the most powerful effort of all, he heaved himself on, caught a root that jutted out over the bank, and began to pull himself up.

The P. J. spoke to a guard. The guard raised his gun. At the shot, the hands that clutched the root opened slowly, and the body slid down into the water and disappeared.

I turned and walked away without a backward glance.

An hour later my telephone rang and the voice of Warden Knight said, "Please come to my office immediately, doctor. I wish to talk with you."

★ ON the way up the terraced prison grounds I saw a neat framed notice posted on the wall of a cell block. From Warden Knight, it was an offer to pay ten dollars to guard or inmate who furnished him with a good human-interest story, one that he could use in his weekly radio broadcast.

The warden greeted me coolly, motioned me to a seat, and was silent for a moment. I waited.

"You're making it very difficult for me, doctor," he said at last.

I said, "Sorry. Just what do you mean?"

"When a prisoner breaks a rule at Glen Alder, we know what to do with him. When an official deliberately breaks one—" He made an expressive gesture.

"You can always fire him," I said. "That would solve your problem, and please the P. J."

His eyes showed a gleam of interest. "Are you resigning your post, doctor?"

I shook my head. "No. Not even though it seems to me that I can be of very little use here, in the face of the opposition of the principal jailer.

"This is a pretty big place," he said, "and it takes a lot of management to keep it running smoothly. The P. J. is my deputy, and when you break regulations you can hardly expect anything from me."

"I'm sorry about the rules, warden," I said. "I realize that discipline is a prime factor in any institution. But, having failed to receive co-operation, I feel that my infraction of one rule was a trivial thing. If my requests

had been complied with, Martinson would be alive."

The warden lit a cigar. "That was a regrettable—ah—incident. I'm sorry it happened."

I said, "What you mean is that it might bring some unfavorable publicity."

To my surprise, he didn't so much as bat an eye. "I'm not worried about that. It just makes an obscure item in the paper—that James Martinson died in an unavoidable accident. That's all you'll hear about it. News about criminals is much more important before they get into prison. The papers haven't much space for an accident in prison."

"It's a pity this death is recorded as accidental," I said. "The Inside Story of Jim Martinson would make wonderful human-interest copy for your radio program—worth ten dollars of any one's money."

He colored a little. Then he smiled. "Well, let's not quarrel too much about it, doctor. What I am greatly concerned about is the work of your department only. I wish you could show more judgment. . . . Not that the Martinson affair wouldn't make a good story. It's a tough thing, getting enough authentic material to keep a program like mine going."

Suddenly I saw red. "It's really too bad that's all it is to you, a human-interest story! To Martinson, and to some others, he was a human being in mental torment, and he could have been straightened out by the proper treatment!"

★ I EXPECTED him to ask for my resignation. He did nothing of the sort. "I don't blame you for feeling that way about it," he said. "I felt that way too, when I was your age. Running a prison in this state, and in most of them, is a political job. There isn't much you can do for these poor devils, except for superficial reforms that look well in the publicity releases, for the simple reason that so few people care very much whether you do anything or not—so few people who count."

"The prisoners care," I said.

He nodded. "Sure. But prisoners don't vote. I wish I could do all the things I know should be done. But, as I say, we're run by politicians."

I persisted. "Then what's the good of having me here? What's the good of a department of psychiatry if it isn't allowed to function properly. When my department was established it received some nice notices in the newspapers. Isn't it worth anything more than that to you?"

His face darkened. "For the present, doctor, I'll have to ask you to carry out your duties within the rules as I have laid them down—and as they are put into effect by the principal jailer. Is that understood?"

I nodded.

"That will be all, then," he said, and in an instant I found myself outside his office.

I had my choice to make. I could leave, of course. But that would mean

the end of my work. The alternative seemed to be to stay and fight both men, the warden and the P. J.

The next day a paragraph about Martinson's death appeared in the papers, buried on inside pages. I was sure the warden felt relieved. His relief must have been very short-lived, however, for a few days later a famous columnist carried a provocative item:

"The notices said that Jim Martinson, former Olympic ace doing time at Glen Alder, died in an accident there. If this is so, it might be interesting to know the type of accident it is that leaves a bullet hole in a man's head. Martinson had no relatives and was buried rather quickly. Is it just our suspicious nature or does it seem just a shade too quickly? We thought the Assembly's investigating committee might find something there of interest. . . ."

★ THAT was all, but the political opposition papers pounced on it. Still, the warden's luck held: a gory torch murder came along and took the spotlight—for the time being. I saw the warden soon afterward in his office. I took up with him the matter of the prison school, or what passed for a school.

"A good school system wouldn't be too hard to install," I said. "At least, if we can't give inmates enough work to keep their hands busy, we might be able to keep their minds occupied."

"We have no appropriation for teachers," he said wearily. "I've asked for it more than once."

"I know," I said. "We can use inmate teachers. There's good teacher material here. It simply needs directing. Why not a school for inmate teachers?"

The P. J. turned on me from the window with heavy sarcasm. "Does 'oo want some one to read Mother Goose rhymes to the dear inmates? Keep 'em interested! What do you think this is, a theayter?"

I managed to grin. "Well, there's plenty of drama here—and not all of it keeps out of the newspapers."

"If I find the bum who gave that gossip buzzard the dope on Martinson, I'll take him apart," he said.

It was plain to me that I would never be able to do any lasting good at Glen Alder unless, somehow, I could overcome the P. J.'s resistance to bug doctoring. There was only one way to touch a man like him: Put him and his job in jeopardy. That was language he would understand.

The moment came sooner than I expected. It came on the heels of an argument I had with the warden on the subject of segregation. This subject was a touchy one at Glen Alder. I had contended that all the good effect of psychiatry on some inmates was nullified because all prisoners were put together indiscriminately—the new with the old, the first offender with the habitual criminal. Not that this was a new contention, by any means. The need of segrega-

(Continued on page 56)

The Lady who slid down the *Stairs*

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

★ WHEN young Henry Quarles was acquitted after being tried on a murder charge, no one seemed more surprised than Judge Michael J. Hone. The betting had been eight to two for a conviction.

Quarles' acquittal had been the work of two old women, but the scheme was hatched by Judge Hone, the final judge.

There was a dearth of judges one summer and Hone was sitting in the police court to give the regular incumbent a vacation.

The last case this particular morning brought before the judge a little gray-haired woman with a tremulous smile and the saddest eyes he had ever seen.

"Well?" said the judge.

"Drunk and disorderly; an old-timer."

"What was she doing?"

Officer Reilly looked embarrassed. "Your Honor, she was sliding down the banisters of a Ninth Avenue Elevated station. I informed her she would have to desist."

"You could have told her to stop!" said the judge with a grin. "Well, madam," he went on, turning to the prisoner, "what about it?"

"When I was a girl I always wanted to swing from a trapeze," she told him, "but my mother said it wasn't ladylike, so I slid down the banisters. I still do."

"Your Honor," interrupted Reilly, "this woman's son wants to talk to you."

"And I want to talk to him," said the judge sternly. "Aren't you ashamed to see your mother in a police court?"

"Judge, wait a minute. Don't you know about my mother? She was the girl they used to call the Sunshine of the Argonne; the girl who sang on the battlefields of France. She was decorated for bravery in battle; she—"

"A sad ending, isn't it?" said the judge.

"She doesn't harm anybody," the son pleaded. "But she gets to thinking about things that happened in France. Honest, judge, half the time she's living on the battlefields and in the hospitals, and that's when she gets lit and does these things you call disturbing the peace."

"Ask her to come up here," inter-



She was sliding down the banisters of a Ninth Avenue Elevated Station.

She was old, and didn't understand very well. But she smiled—and saved a life

BY BAYARD VEILLER

Author of *Within the Law*, *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, etc.

rupted Hone. "I think it would be kind of nice to shake hands."

"Well," said the woman, "there's no harm in that."

"Now about this sliding downstairs," said the judge. "The next time, come to my mother's house. They have fine stairs there."

★ JUDGE HONE'S face was troubled as he wandered into his mother's house early one morning. As the door closed behind him there came from the upper floor a warning shout, and down the balustrade came old Mrs. Johnson.

"Morning, judge. Have a slide?"

"I can't this morning, Aunt May."

In the three years since her first appearance in Hone's court the little old woman had become Aunt May to the judge. Now he looked down at her without his usual smile.

"I'm worried," he said, "over a case I'm hearing."

"I've been reading about that," said his mother. "Young Quarles, isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied, "that's the case."

"I'll go," said May Johnson. "I don't have to slide today."

"No," said Hone, "wait a minute. I want to keep looking at you. I'm getting a sort of idea."

"The boy's guilty, of course," said the judge's mother.

"No," said her son, "not of course."

"But who says he is innocent, then?" she asked.

"I do," said Judge Hone. "I say he is innocent."

"You're the judge," said Aunt May. "Why can't you do something?"

"Because I am the judge," said Hone. "That's the reason. I see that all the rules are observed; and when the evidence is in, I charge the jurors, tell them the rules of evidence and instruct them as to the law; I tell them that they are the sole judge of the facts and that they must decide how much bearing the facts have on the guilt or innocence of the accused, and then I am supposed to wash my hands of the whole affair."

"But the boy is so young; he sits there day after day and says no word. He is so alone. I feel that the jurors are asking the question that has bothered me. Why has no member of his family been near him? What of his father? Where is his mother? Day after day it is the same. No defense. Witness after witness for the state with the same sort of testimony, and through it all the boy just sits there. His attorney does nothing. Testimony like this: 'I saw him running from the place!' 'You mean the prisoner, here,' and the district attorney points to this boy. 'Yes.'"

"Now, the defense lawyer should insist that his client be referred to as the defendant and not as the prisoner. The constant repetition of the word prisoner has a bad effect on a jury. Not once has this boy's attorney made such an objection. And he doesn't cross-examine the state's witnesses."

"Can't you do anything?" asked old Mrs. Hone.

"No," said Hone. "I wish the boy had a mother to sit near him in court."

★ THAT morning's session of the trial was like all the others. Then Hone hurried to his chambers. His secretary bustled in. "I phoned your house, judge. Your wife was out. Your mother has been away from her house all day. The cook said Mrs. Hone and the other lady left half an hour after you did this morning. This man Quarles," added the secretary, "and his lawyer and the assistant district attorney are here. You sent for them."

"Yes," said Judge Hone. "Ask them to come in."

A minute later Judge Hone turned to young Quarles. "I sent for you to ask a question that I cannot properly ask except in the presence of your counsel. It is only fair, too, that the district attorney's office be represented. And you don't have to answer it unless you wish. The question has two parts. One: Do you realize that your attorney is making no defense? He has not asked one question of the prosecution's witnesses."

"Yes," said the boy.

"All right," went on the judge. "Now, are you satisfied with your attorney? Would you like to consult another lawyer?"

"No," said the boy.

"Is that all that you have to say?"



"No," said young Quarles. "I'd like to thank your Honor."

"How about you, Mr. Woods?" and the judge turned to counsel for the defense.

"I've followed my instructions to the letter," said the lawyer.

"That's all, gentlemen," said Judge Hone. "You understand that this conversation has been confidential."

Inspector Dunn of the Homicide Squad had been saved for the afternoon session. Gossip had it that he would surely cinch the case for the state.

But after he had been sworn, something happened. A little old woman dressed in deep mourning, her white hair a halo around her worried face, ran down to the prisoner. Then she made the judge a little curtsy. Judge Hone's face was like a block of granite as he stared at the woman he had seen that morning sliding down the banisters in his mother's house.

"I beg the court's pardon," she murmured.

"Proceed," said the judge gruffly.

The little woman whispered to the boy's lawyer, "You had no right to do this. My place is here with him. What if I am ill? What does it matter about me?"

The jury had heard every word.

Twice the court clerk rapped for order.

"Proceed," said the judge.

"Inspector Dunn, do you recall the night of August 17 last?" asked the district attorney.

"I remember that night very well," said the inspector. "I was called to investigate the murder of a man named Curtis Osgood. I proceeded to his apartment and found him lying on the floor."

"Was he dead?"

"No, sir, but pretty near it. I said to him, 'Who done this?'"

"Just a minute, Mr. Tate," interrupted Judge Hone, "you know I can't allow testimony in this form. Inspector," the judge went on, "was the defendant present at this time?"

"No, your Honor," said the inspector, "and realizing that, I did what I could to make the testimony available."

"Most commendable," said the judge grimly. "Just what did you do, inspector?"

"I told the guy he was dying and had him make an ante-mortem statement. I was just in time, too. So when he came to the end and I said, 'Who done this?' he just had breath enough to say, 'Quarles.'"

The little old lady leaned over and patted the prisoner's hand.

The inspector went on and on with damaging testimony. When he finished, the judge said, "You may cross-examine."

"No questions," said Quarles' lawyer.

The little woman in black smiled placidly. None of her looks or movements escaped the men and women of the jury. The thought came to them: She isn't worried—his mother isn't worried. By this time they were convinced that she was the boy's mother.

★ JUDGE HONE allowed the jurors to return to their homes at night, always telling them not to talk about the case.

In the corridor juror number three ran headlong into the little woman in black. All day he had been watching her, his mind asking, Where? Where? Where?

"Excuse me," said he.

She gave him a gay smile and he remembered.

"I know you now," he said. "It was in France, when I was wounded. You walked beside the stretcher and held my hand."

"Little Sam!" she cried. "How wonderful! You've hardly changed at all, except for the beard."

"It's a pity about your son—"

"That's something I can't talk about." And she hurried away.

That night, with old Mrs. Hone, she went over the happenings in the court.

"I did exactly what you told me. I think the jury liked me."

"You didn't say you were his mother?"

"Oh, no. But there was one juror—it shows what a little world it is—he was in France when I was, you

(Continued on page 38)



Right down their alley ... a glass of mellow beer or ale!

Ham and eggs... Hot dogs and mustard... Thanksgiving and mince pie... Bowling and beer.

Those are pairs which destiny seems to bracket together. In the case of beer and bowling, it is hard to imagine the sport of rumbling balls and crashing pins without the accompanying pleasure of long, chilled glasses of mellow, amber beer.

Beer belongs so definitely to your hours of relax-

ation. Whether you bowl, hunt, fish... or just plain sit... beer and ale can be your good companions. Brewed from the farmers' ripened harvests... golden grains and fragrant hops... beer and ale are so satisfying, so delightful to the taste.

Known, from time forgotten, as man's "beverage of moderation," beer can do so much to make your playtime hours pleasanter, more restful, more relaxing.

Because beer is a beverage of moderation and so great a national favorite, it deserves to have its good name guarded well. We who brew America's beer are cooperating to prevent abuses wherever they may occur in the retailing of beer and ale. You can help with understanding and support of the brewers' "clean-up or close-up" program... described in a booklet sent free on request. Address United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. C11, 21 East 10th St., New York, N. Y.



(Continued from page 36)

know, and he remembered me. He stopped me in the hall and said something about my son—"

"What did you say? Think carefully."

"All I said was, 'That's something I can't talk about.' That's every word I said."

"Wonderful," said Judge Hone when he had heard it all. "They are sure, now, to think you are the boy's mother. Now, here's what I want you to do." He talked to her earnestly, and then warned, "If any one finds out I've told you these things we'll all starve."

"I won't let you down, judge."

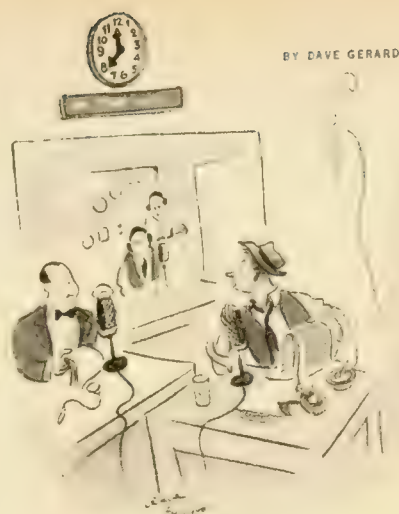
"One thing more," said the judge as he sprinkled red ink on the old lady's handkerchief. "Use this after your longest coughing spell. Understand?"

"No, but I'll do exactly what you say."

The case was with the jury now. Little Sam and his fellow jurors had heard and seen witnesses giving evidence against the boy to the accompaniment of the almost incessant coughing of the white-haired woman.

The defendant had been seen leaving the dead man's apartment. No questions from the defense. The jury's eyes were fixed on the little woman in black. What would she do? A pat on the hand and a reassuring smile toward the boy—that was all. What was back of it? Why wasn't she alarmed? What gave her this confidence? What did she know that they didn't?

Just before the judge had finished his charge to the jury, she had been seized with a prolonged fit of coughing during which she held her handkerchief to her face. Once the handkerchief fell from her hands and it could be seen plainly that there were red stains on it. Subsequently she was carried from the court. Her last look had been at the boy on trial.



"Have I time for one more nerve-shattering flash?"

For an hour the jury had been discussing the case. Why had there been no defense? No attack on the evidence submitted by the State? What was back of it all? What was it Judge Hone had said? That the failure to defend was not evidence of guilt. That the jury could assume that counsel thought that no defense was necessary.

"It don't make sense to me," said juror number six.

"Me neither." This from number ten.

Another said, "Did you notice the look his mother gave him when they carried her out? It said just as plain as plain, 'Mother knows you didn't do it.' That's what the look said to the boy, and to me too."

"I got something to tell you." This from number three. "I knew his mother when I was in France. Did any of you ever get shot in the stomach? Well, I did." He grew pale at the

memory of a pain of twenty years ago. "Well, this girl walked beside the stretcher and held my dirty hand all the way. Well, ladies and gents, her boy ain't going to be convicted if I sit here until the seat of my pants freezes to the seat of the chair."

"The way I figure it," said one of the women, "is that this boy's protecting somebody—somebody who killed that fellow because he needed killing."

At this point from the street below came raucous shouts. "Extra! Extra! Extra! Young Quarles' Mother Dies!"

Over and over. There was little talk in the jury room after that. It wasn't necessary.

★ JUDGE HONE was in his library talking to young Quarles, whose acquittal had come a few hours before.

"You understand," he said very slowly, "that you can never be punished for that murder, nor can you be arrested or tried. I sent for you because, for my own peace of mind, I must know the truth."

"I will tell you the truth," said the boy, "if you will swear to keep it a secret. My mother killed him—I'm not going to tell you why. I tried to stop it, but I couldn't. That's why I was seen at the man's house. The reason I can tell you this now is because she died in California this morning. I don't know what you did, or how you did it, but I expect you have saved my life."

"Yes," said Judge Hone, "I expect I have."

And later Mrs. Hone said to her husband:

"Thank heaven that trial's over. You look a wreck! It must have cost you a great deal!"

"Yes," said the judge, "a good many nights' sleep and the three hundred dollars to those men for crying 'Extra' outside the jury room."

THE END

WHO RUNS HOLLYWOOD NOW?—

Continued from
Page 26

prove the lot of writers for pictures. They drove and are still driving a hard bargain. In the coming struggle for power they might blow off any time.

The Hays office has enormous weight. In this national emergency, everything that has to do with informing the public through the vast medium of the screen about defense or charity needs or public sentiment must clear through the Hays office. When you consider that this means the Army and the Navy, the Marines and the Air Corps, the OPM, drives for funds, propaganda agencies, you will realize the office's key position. Under certain conditions it might well have the final word in many things.

As you can plainly see, the New Deal experts made their bid to run Hollywood with the consent decree.

The old-line producers, the men in power, know better than any one else

the rumor that the consent decree has brought the end of an era, that it is the touch of a new economic age. They know that Hollywood in the coming months must see the most vital and far-reaching events of its history. They know their antagonists and their own weaknesses. Many of them have old close friendships with their stars. That will tell in the end.

Who runs Hollywood?

In my opinion, today under the consent decree the exhibitor, the man who buys the pictures that the public is going to see the rest of this year and next year, is in the driver's seat.

I agree that there will always be some great pictures and some "stinkers." So many pictures are made, stories are hard to find, stars difficult to make. The trade showings under the consent decree have proved one thing. The buyer still asks the same

key question: "Who's in it?" He still wants the stars, the star names to put up on the marquee out in front for the public to see.

But I also believe, and a lot of people agree with me, that there was no excuse for as many bad pictures as were made last year and the year before—made just because they would be sold in block booking anyhow.

Who runs Hollywood? Fundamentally, the moviegoing public does. For in the end the public is the jury. Under the consent decree the exhibitor has his chance to set and hold a high standard for pictures. Watch and see. Keep this in mind. Judge the custom-built product that's now coming out and already showing improvement under the new conditions.

Back up your exhibitor and—together you can run Hollywood into a new era of art and fine pictures. It'll take a little time. There are lots of things to be ironed out. But the golden opportunity has come.

THE END



Dainty and graceful. High-curved crystal. \$15.00
Handsome rose model. Mirror-finished case. \$50.00

LURANA ALLISON, Larchmont, New York. "My Elgin De Luxe carries on a gift tradition started in our family by my great-grandfather in 1872," says vivacious Lurana Allison. Lurana studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts . . . has played in Little Theatre productions. She has won trophies for fancy diving. The old Pennsylvania family from which she comes still owns the farm deeded to it by William Penn.



Smart six-figured dial. Matching bracelet. \$45.00
Unusual concave ends. High-curved crystal. \$47.50

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ELGIN DeLUXE

STAR-TIMED ACCURACY

17 JEWELS



Crowning the colorful heaped-up presents . . . bulging mysteriously in a chimney-hung stocking . . . or tied with gay ribbon to the tree itself . . . however you give it, give an Elgin De Luxe! Eyes alight with happiness will thank you for choosing an American timepiece of such rare distinction. For each Elgin De Luxe reflects unusual beauty and smartness. Here you find cases burnished to a brilliant lustre, lovely high-curved crystals, new tinted dials.



Exquisite model in rose. High-curved crystal. \$42.50
Arresting modern design. Two-tone dial. \$42.50

To the superb individuality of these carefully adjusted timepieces, Elgin's fourth-generation craftsmen have added traditional Elgin accuracy. Each has the rustproof, non-magnetic Elginium hairspring* and Beryl-X balance.

Make a 17-jewel Elgin De Luxe your top-of-the-list gift choice. All cases are gold or gold filled. Delightful new styles are at your jeweler's, from \$42.50. Prices include Federal Tax. Slightly higher in Canada. Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Illinois, U. S. A.

*Patent Nos. 1,974,095 and 2,072,189



Newest style. Two-tone dial. Flexible ends. \$42.50

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Distinctive rose model. Time-tested dial. \$42.50

40 ANSWERS

by W. C. FIELDS

To his questions on page thirty

- 1—Me.
- 2—The fabulous Wilson Mizner.
- 3—Lou Costello of Abbott and Costello.
- 4—Will Rogers.
- 5—Eddie Cantor, Gracie Allen, and yours truly, W. C. Fields.
- 6—Artemus Ward, great American humor writer, who died in 1867.
- 7—Ahem—me.
- 8—Mark Twain.
- 9—Chic Sale. And the book was The Specialist.
- 10—Ed Wynn.
- 11—Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle.
- 12—The one and only Will Rogers.
- 13—Feuds? What about Fred Allen

and Jack Benny, or Rudy Vallee and John Barrymore, or any of eight other teams plus W. C. Fields and Charlie McCarthy?

- 14—Bob Hope.
- 15—Me. And it was Tom the Old Fly who released me from durance vile.
- 16—Sharp-tongued Oscar Levant.
- 17—Charlie McCarthy. Grrr!
- 18—Jack Benny, Fred Allen, George Burns. And their wives—Mary Livingstone, Portland Hoffa, and Gracie Allen.
- 19—Ahem—me.
- 20—(b) is the answer.
- 21—George Bernard Shaw.
- 22—Fanny Brice is Baby Snooks. Hanley Stafford is her graying father.
- 23—Your own Harry Hershfield. And not a bad gag either.
- 24—George Burns proposed to Gracie Allen for three years.
- 25—Good ol' Sam Goldwyn.
- 26—I think W. C. Fields is your man.

- 27—Mae West.
- 28—Judge William Howard Taft.
- 29—Amos 'n' Andy.
- 30—Albert Einstein himself!
- 31—Ted Cook of King Features.
- 32—George Ade. Hiya, George!
- 33—Governor Al Smith.
- 34—P. G. Wodehouse wrote that dedication in Golf Without Tears.
- 35—Fred Allen.
- 36—Oh, I wouldn't call him a blackguard. His name is Fields—W. C. Fields.
- 37—The epitaph reads, "Here lies an atheist—all dressed up and no place to go."
- 38—The one and only Horace Greeley.
- 39—(a) Schnozzle Durante or me; (b) Joe E. Brown or Martha Raye; (c) ZaSu Pitts.
- 40—Walter Winchell.
- 41—Sure, there are only forty questions, but this extra answer is in case you missed one. You can fill in with this answer to better your score, and the answer is—Me.

Cockeyed Crosswords By Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Waldorf hosts; Hollywood prize thingums, make great doorstops
- 7 Snappy things a gal likes to feel in a pinch
- 14 Dream land
- 15 Beautiful thing you can pick up about South America
- 16 What Johnny's questions did to mom
- 17 Many peaches don't have a heart; they have this
- 18 N'ya
- 19 Boilermaker Bach (pl.)
- 20 Handy ticker service for nurses
- 22 Won the battle (fem.)
- 23 Agricultural beery goddess
- 24 Just a plain screwball
- 25 Royal Screwball (abbr.)
- 27 Mrs. McMoiphy's favorite sentence ender
- 28 Wot a 'otfoot mikes the habove

- 29 goddess do
- 30 Clamorously glamorous in an infantile way
- 31 Lettermen keep running into this post, and some one's always kicking about it
- 32 Bismarck's Suthn home (abbr.)
- 33 Result of fly on Garbo's nose during necking scene
- 35 Era when gals were full of bustle and men bustled about gals in full shrubbery
- 37 Snerd
- 38 Send groceries downstairs via upstairs entrance
- 39 Kind of red-skinned South American dinca-do
- 41 How hard-boiled eggs act when stood up on weak ends
- 43 She had a puss not even a mother could love
- 45 Banzai, Stalin! (abbr.)
- 47 It's a natural!
- 48 Nickname for 250-pounder
- 49 What Eskimos say when they meet
- 50 Little Looeys
- 52 Kiss Eye
- 53 Boot the bloated bladder for 'Bama
- 54 Short, dry spell
- 55 Mountain wall for Nazis to beat their brains out on
- 57 An old haunt
- 59 It's pure baloney
- 60 Great want before election
- 62 Man with thirty-three teeth

- 63 The French like their food à la this
- 64 Little Flower seen all around New York City
- 66 The old oil Mussolini'd like to dish out to Adolf
- 67 City ways
- 68 Klassy Kut Klothed

VERTICAL

- 1 Kind of gal with hair on her chest
- 2 Barefoot to the chin
- 3 Jingle bills
- 4 Men came from them, may soon revert
- 5 What the world were best of Nazis
- 6 Foundation of this hemisphere (abbr.)
- 7 Takes a runout powder
- 8 Where not to be when bores call
- 9 Roy, the Crook
- 10 Wild West bridge
- 11 The Mark of Time (pl.)
- 12 Siberian Housing Plan for Nazi Occupants (pl.)
- 13 If Olsen or Johnson married Lot's wife, would you call him this kind of nut?
- 15 Quite big pile collect in Japan, please!
- 17 What all 1890 heroines were
- 20 Fellow whom loving things're done for
- 21 Fellow who does loving things
- 24 The music goes round and round and comes out

1	2	3	4	5	6			7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14							15							
16						17				18				
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28			29					30			31		32	
33		34					35					36		
	37					38				39			40	
		41			42			43					44	
45	46		47					48					49	
50		51		52			53					54		
55			56		57	58					59			
60				61		62				63				
64					65					66				
67										68				

- here (two words)
- 26 Big front, caused by fat men attacking food supply
- 29 Result of fowl deed in hen yard
- 30 Underworld eraser
- 31 Lonely Eagle
- 34 The pull that'll get you ahead
- 35 This was Paris
- 36 Touchdown and Culture University (abbr.)
- 38 Where Puritan lovers made their marks
- 40 Kind of hot-footproof shoes
- 42 Cooler at sea
- 43 There's money in this (if you don't operate one at home)
- 44 If it weren't for this, there'd be no love
- 45 Holds hands quietly with a deadpan expression and gets money for nothing
- 46 How the puzzled ocean'd like to get things
- 48 Great big jumbo-sized ivory chopstick
- 51 This makes good eating
- 53 Pool in the pasture
- 54 What the boss was out of Blue Monday
- 56 What Brooklyn loryers practice
- 58 Devil of a beginning for an Inki Finnish
- 59 Item on Lease-Land program
- 61 It's female but it's ruff
- 63 A tyrant when old and creaky; a whiz when young and springy
- 65 Limit's limits
- 66 Cockeyedly Dizzy! (abbr.)

W	E	R	E	S	H	A	P	E	R	O	R	A	L
A	P	E	X	T	A	M	E	R	L	I	V	E	
S	E	T	A	R	I	S	E	I	D	E	A		
T	E	E	M	R	E	D	M	O	V	E	R	S	
I	T	E	M	R	I	M	E						
P	L	A	N	E	D	L	A	T	I	T	U	D	
R	A	T	E	D	C	A	R	E	T	N	I	G	
A	P	O	D	C	A	V	E	S	H	I	V	E	
T	E	N	L	A	T	E	R	P	O	T	A	S	
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H	O	L	E	A	R	E	N	A	I	B	E	X	
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P	E	N	S	I	M	E	N	D	E	D	I	T	

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Embassy to settle a claim for compensation which you have against the Japanese government because of the abuse, ill-treatment, and loss you suffered at the hands of Japanese ruffians who entered your apartment in Shanghai. I made the effort because I thought compensation was due you. But I was not successful, the Embassy considering that the sum named was too large.

After giving you this information I suggested that you guard yourself against resentful writing, and you replied that you would.

Now—an article by you has appeared in *Liberty* (October 18), entitled *The Japanese Ambassador Plants a Story*, and presenting Admiral Nomura, the Ambassador, in a distinctly discreditable light.

I have not discussed the article with the Admiral and have not been told what he did or did not say to you; so I do not know. But I can surmise. For I know Admiral Nomura to be a highly honorable man who has tried, under very difficult circumstances, to do a worthy piece of work. He has tried to keep the peace between his country and ours.

It is obvious that he would not have received you as a *New York Times* correspondent if he thought that, while you kept his confidence regarding that paper, you would quote him as you saw fit in a magazine; and it is unlikely that he made all the statements you say he made in the sense or manner in which you quote him. For one thing, a minor one, I could no more believe that he would say, "I'm one of Japan's ablest admirals," than that you would say, "I'm one of America's ablest writers." I have known him too long and too well.—*Frederick Moore*.

Mr. Moore was foreign counselor to the Japanese Ministry for Foreign Affairs, 1921-26, and a member of the Japanese delegation to Geneva regarding the Manchurian question, 1932-33. Note that he does not refute the charge made by Mr. Abend in his article. As to that, says Mr. Moore with engaging frankness, "I do not know."—*Vox Pop Ed.*

OOPS, SORRY! DEPARTMENT

HOT SPRINGS ARK—MY WIFE EUGENIE THINKS INCREDIBLE—GREGORY [By Frederick Van Ryn, October 25 *Liberty*] IS GREAT AND SHE LAUGHED HERSELF SICK I WHO KNOWS FIFTY GRAND OPERAS BY HEART WHO CAN WHISTLE 25 VIOLIN CONCERTOS CANNOT BE TOO HAPPY ABOUT IT BUT STILL AM GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR MAKING ME FAMOUS.—*GREGORY RATOFF*.

Mr. Van Ryn said of Mr. Ratoff: "His ability to carry a tune was challenged by every orchestra leader between the Ural Mountains and western Germany"—which, it seems, was wrong.—*Vox Pop Ed.*

AW, CHEER UP, MR. REED

SPOKANE, WASH.—Your October 25 editorial about the Statue of Liberty, which was given to us by the French, makes me wonder how many Frenchmen and Finlanders we will help Russia slaughter in this war. I also wonder if we will have our liberty or the statue after the war is over.—*George B. Reed*.

Mary Louise was pretty but . . .



WAKING and needing a laxative, Mary Louise thought: "I can't risk taking anything. With that sale at the store today, I can't leave the floor."

So she put off needed relief!



IRRITABLE . . . her mind on herself instead of the customers . . . Mary Louise was anything but a prize salesgirl.

She had an excuse—but the kind no girl likes to offer.

Janet was smart as could be



JANET NEEDED A LAXATIVE. And they were having a sale in her department, too. But Janet knew a quick-acting laxative. She took speedy Sal Hepatica!



SAL HEPATICA brought gentle relief . . . before she left home. Untroubled by symptoms of constipation, Janet went at work with a smile—and her sales book showed it!

Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

NEVER PUT OFF till tonight the laxative you should take this morning! Discover speedy Sal Hepatica! It usually acts within an hour.

This sparkling saline brings gentle, effective relief. It acts in a natural way by attracting helpful liquid bulk to the intestinal tract—without griping or discomfort.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica.

And, bear in mind, Sal Hepatica does something *more*: it has a decidedly helpful effect in reducing excess gastric acidity;



helps turn a sour stomach sweet again. Next time you need a laxative, take *speedy*, sparkling Sal Hepatica.

SAL HEPATICA

"**TIME TO SMILE!**" Tune in **EDDIE CANTOR**—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

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**"I keep 500 'horses'
on their toes!"**



You have an amazing opportunity today in the Regular Army Air Corps. Vacancies now exist for 100,000 picked young men! A private with the rating of air mechanic, first class, earns up to \$105 a month, plus uniforms, board, lodging and medical care. Other fields of specialized training include airplane and engine maintenance, aerial photography, radio operation and meteorology. And you've got the BIG opportunity to apply for pilot training as an aviation student, leading to rating of Staff Sergeant pilot!

The Army Air Corps offers the world's best aviation training. You'll work with the newest engines and latest type planes—take part in developments that will revolutionize flying—fit yourself for a thrilling, well-paid job in aviation.

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Fifth Corps Area	Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
Sixth Corps Area	Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area	Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area	Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Ninth Corps Area	Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Or write to:
Enlisted Division B-1, A.G.O., Washington, D.C.

SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW FOOTBALL

Continued from Page 17

rather than tackle the runner. A skillful player has less chance of missing his target when he uses a block.

Another thing that has often puzzled fans is the failure of so many teams to score after they have marched the entire length of the field. There are several reasons why this happens. Theoretically, according to careful students of football, a sustained advance of more than sixty yards seldom results in a touchdown. This is because a team tires or fumbles. A more important reason is that as a team is pushed toward its own goal line it tends to become stronger, because its backs have less territory to cover and tend to play closer to the line. They are in a position to come up faster and stop the running plays. They are tense and alert and willing to go all out on every move. Goal-line stands are no mystery to coaches. But the smart coach teaches his quarterback to spread his plays when in scoring territory rather than bunch them into the center where the line is thickest.

The business of scouting has come in for quite a bit of attention lately. Only the other day a friend of mine who has followed football for years told me he thought scouting an opposing team was the most important phase of a coach's administrative duties. "Good scouting can result in more victories than constant scrimmaging," he said. As gently as I could, I told him that there was a division of opinion as to the value of scouting. I can name at least a dozen coaches who think so little of it that they not only pay no attention to it but would be willing to send a set of blueprints of their plays to the opposing team a week before the game.

Some of these coaches continue to employ scouts because they know it is expected of them. But usually, after a cursory glance, the scouts' reports land in the wastebasket. However, other coaches are very particular about the business and hire expert observers to send them moving pictures and detailed reports of the opposing teams in action. Some of these openly attribute their victories to their successful scouting.

Most coaches strike a happy medium. They like to know from their scouts the strong points of the opposing team: whether it is aerial-minded; whether it employs reverses frequently, strikes to the weak side, quick-kicks often, etc. But as for wanting to know if the left halfback raises his left eyebrow out of nervousness before he carries the ball—well, that's another matter.

The best answer to scouting is this: If the team on the defensive tries to remember what it learned from pictures and scouts' reports instead of meeting the situations as they develop, it will wind up behind the eight ball every time. What a team does one week is no indication of what it will do the

next. More games have been lost than won through banking on scouts' reports.

There are a lot of things in football that not even coaches and officials are aware of. When Rice beat Tulane's powerful team early this season, it was purely a case of a team beating itself. Tulane was told to try to block the kick whenever its opponents tried to boot out from near their own goal line. Tulane did just that, but by blocking the kick it lost the game, because the ball bounced out of the end zone—which, according to the rules, is an automatic safety—and instead of getting a touchdown, as Tulane would have had it blocked the kick less vigorously, it got two points and ended up on the short end of a 10 to 9 score.

★ MOST fans and some coaches don't realize that, though it is a violation of the rules to interfere with a pass receiver, it is possible within the rules to (figuratively) pulverize a receiver if it is done correctly. The contact must be made at the right moment in a direct attempt to bat down or catch the ball.

Furthermore, many do not realize that on a pass the defensive backs have just as much right to the ball as the players on the offensive, and the latter may be guilty of interference.

A rule that is particularly perplexing is the one governing the lateral pass following a forward pass. For example, a player may catch the forward pass on his own ten-yard line and run eighty yards. When on the opposition's ten, he tosses a forward lateral to his teammate (the ball going slightly forward instead of laterally). The official sends the play back the entire distance to the point from which it started. Just another reason why coaches get apoplexy! Even if the pass itself was for fifty yards, a forward lateral would be wiped out and the ball sent back. This is a rule that is due to be changed. It is shackling the downfield lateral pass and coaches are complaining loudly.

Not every one realizes that every player on the team, even the center, is eligible to catch a lateral pass. Both Fordham and Columbia, in their lateral-passing attack, have plays that include linemen. The deception of this maneuver is great, as the defense doesn't expect a lineman to catch the ball.

Frequently you see spectators drifting into a game ten minutes after it has started. The majority, however, are smarter. They come for the kickoff, one of the most thrilling plays in football. On the kickoff there is more chance of a touchdown being scored than on any subsequent play, because the line of defense is so scattered and so thin.

It doesn't take a Houdini to get through for a tally on the opening play.

THE END



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PART TEN—"I'M WORTH MORE TO YOU DEAD"

★ DR. ELWOOD ALLEN had died in his sleep—and the world, his world, paused briefly in its headlong rush toward destruction to pay him tribute. He had made lasting contributions to science, his papers had been widely read and discussed during the past twenty years, and although he had been in retirement for some time before his death his loss would be keenly felt by his profession.

Tributes were paid him in the public press and in the journals of his profession. The news weeklies added their quota of information in their staccato, inverted English. The funeral was over, the vault doors closed. Hundreds attended the memorial services, but only a few very close friends were present at the burial, at which Lydia, in heavy black, looking frail and forlorn, leaned upon her husband's arm or clung to Jenny's hand.

Ron had found his father-in-law that morning. He had gone to tell Jenny, and together they had told Lydia, rousing her from her drugged sleep. Jenny would not forget that—not ever: the bright sharp winter sunlight when the shades were raised, Lydia's swollen eyes and mouth and slow comprehension.

"No," she had cried out, "no"—and then burst into hysterical weeping.

During the days that followed she made two related yet opposed remarks. She reminded Ron, "Now you're free to keep your promise," and she said to Jenny, "I suppose you think that because my father's no longer here you two can safely cook up some scheme to get rid of me. Well, you won't; I'll see to that."

"Just what did she mean by that?" Ron demanded when Jenny told him. "Vernon, perhaps? I'd mentioned him again just before Dr. Allen's death—"

He said, interrupting, "Thank God he died without knowing."

Jenny nodded. She asked hesi-

tantly, "Had you said anything to her about a sanitarium?"

"Not recently. But that must have been in her mind," he answered dully.

His mouth was set in a tight unhappy line. He said presently, "Now, of course, I can do the things I should have done long ago, without doing any harm."

The course he must follow seemed simple enough. Vernon first of all, and if Vernon believed it advisable—as it seemed likely that he would—the proper surroundings, medical and nursing care. But nothing involving another person's life is as simple as it sounds.

Jenny asked, "And your promise?"

A heart's grim awakening:

What hope for Lydia now?

BY FAITH BALDWIN

He could only regard her with mute unhappiness.

She said urgently, "Surely you don't mean to keep it? Surely you will do what you can first to see that she is well again? Because when she is, Ron, she will never demand it of you."

After the will was read, Lydia shut

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herself up in her room, would not talk, would not eat. "What in the world is the matter with her?" demanded Aunt Sammy, voluminous in black and more moved by her brother-in-law's death than she would have admitted to any one.

Ron had excuses ready—the shock, the suddenness. Aunt Sammy must recall that Lydia had been down with an attack of flu at the time of her father's death—she wasn't even now wholly recovered.

Aunt Sammy had an answer for everything, and took matters into her own hands. She had a cottage at Delray Beach. She would wire the caretaker, have it staffed and ready, and take Lydia and Jenny down at once. The sun, the change of climate would put Lydia on her feet again.

Would Lydia go?

She didn't care. She permitted Jenny to look over last summer's wardrobe, to send new things in from the shops. She was listless and quiet, as if she were thinking alone in the dark. And Ron agreed, with a sigh of relief, "Perhaps it's best. Get her away, see that she sleeps and eats and has sun and air and long lazy days, and after that—"

He added, "You think I'm evading the issue? Perhaps I am. But, frankly, in her present state of mind she'd do nothing voluntarily, not even take the first step. Vernon can't help her—or us—unless she is willing. Your job is to see that she is willing, even eager—and perhaps a change of scene at this juncture will do the trick; that and the fact that before we can persuade her to see things reasonably her general physical health must be restored."

Jenny said flatly, "She resents her father's will."

Yet the will would have seemed more than fair to any one but Lydia.

★ DR. ALLEN had left a considerable estate. He had owned the apartment in which they lived; the Southampton place was valuable, free and clear; his investments were largely in government bonds and sound stocks; and there was a large sum in life insurance which he had carried for many years.

Allen had left annuities to the two women who had served him faithfully in his office, a legacy to his hospital, and small legacies to his servants. He had made his son-in-law co-executor with his bank. He had left Lydia the apartment, the country house, their contents, and an outright sum of money. The residue was in trust, with Lydia as life tenant, the principal going to her issue. If she died without issue and Ron survived her, the principal was his.

After the will had been read, Lydia spoke bitterly to Ron—and he could not repeat what she said to any one, not even to Jenny. She said, "Why don't you let me drink myself to death? I'm worth more to you dead."

They were alone in her room, and she was lying quietly on her bed, a wet cloth across her strained aching

eyes. Fury mounted in him until every muscle was taut with it, but it passed quickly and he sat down beside her and took her in his arms. He spoke her name brokenly, in the most acute misery he had ever experienced, and found his throat convulsed and his face wet with tears. Sorrow welled up in him, grief for the man he had loved very deeply, and to whom he owed so much; grief for Lydia and the situation in which they found themselves.

Startled, she touched his cheek with her hand.

"You're crying? I'm sorry, Ron, terribly sorry. I didn't mean it," she said.

She spoke gently, wonderingly, as if she were a child, and he knew then, irrevocably, how much he loved her—not as a man loves his wife but as he loves his child, wayward, ill, irresponsible.

Some one knocked and he was called to the telephone. He took the message in the library, and returning told Lydia, "I must go out." He bent to kiss her. He asked, "You'll be all right?"

She nodded. Jenny was out doing last-minute errands, so would not return for some time.

★ AFTER Ron had left, Lydia lay there, thinking. Restlessness grew in her; her nerves jangled, her body twitched. After a time she rose and went prowling around the apartment, looking for distraction—a book, a new magazine. The door to her father's room stood open, and after a little hesitation she went in.

She stood looking around her. Tears were thick in her throat, remembering his patience, his unfailing kindness. The old cry rose in her heart, If only I had been kinder. She had so much taken him for granted, even his eventual death.

She couldn't stay here, shaking, crying, shattered by loneliness. Where was Ron—why didn't he come back? She snatched blindly at the books on the night table, several of them novels in bright jackets, medical books, fled with them to her own room, threw them on the bed and herself after them, weeping for her father, for herself.

A long envelope fell from one of the books and lay on the blanket cover. Lydia sat up, pushing the hair from her eyes, and weighed it curiously in her hands.

The envelope was thick, unsealed, unaddressed.

She took out the many sheets, written in pencil in her father's small unusually clear hand with the Greek e's.

Ron [he had written], I have just been to Lydia's room. I was anxious about her; she has always been susceptible to respiratory infections.

Now I know what you and Jenny have kept from me. Standing beside her, everything was very clear—ugly as daylight over squalor.

You did what you thought best and I am grateful. Yet you need not have spared me. This is my job. Somewhere

I have failed or I would have realized my responsibility long ago.

You can't fight this singlehanded. You can't even fight it with me to help you, with the best backing of advice we can obtain. You would be torn, disseminated. And I cannot allow it.

Lydia is my child and I love her. But she is worthless. Worthless. I can't believe I've written that, and thought it before writing. I have been staring at the word for a full minute. It's true, my dear boy.

★ YOU are a valuable person, Ron. You have a great deal to give. You are an integrated human being, and a good doctor. Because you are, there will be other good doctors. One day you will teach them all you know. But in order to grow and to give yourself as wholly as is possible to our profession you must have the single mind and the dedicated heart. These you have, but they will avail you little if your mind is to be distracted and your heart broken by the tragedy of your personal life.

I was very happy because of your marriage. Now I am miserable. I should have known, I should have seen, I should have counseled and forbidden.

I am writing this to clarify my own thoughts. Tomorrow I suppose I will destroy it. Because tomorrow we must talk.

Ron, you must leave Lydia. You must cut her out of your life. You love her, or, if you do not, you feel responsibility toward her. Love or no love, you must let her go. Because she will hamper you, she will eventually destroy you; your ambition and your usefulness.

To be useful is the highest mission a man can accomplish.

You will argue with me, now that I know, now that you no longer need keep this from me, that she may be cured.

Possibly. It has been done. But I am remembering Lydia. I have known her longer than you have. Even were she cured of her vice, what would be left? Never, I think, a whole woman, the woman for you, Ron.

Let her be my burden. I will take her away; I will work this out. But, whatever happens, you must be free. It is not that I love you more—although you have been as a son to me—and not that I love my child less. It is because I owe this to our profession, as you owe it.

You are not, I firmly believe, an ordinary man.

If it comes to that symbol of failure, a divorce, very well. But I am not looking far ahead. I am telling you only that with Lydia you will be a cripple.

You and she have no children to consider, thank God. For a long time I have hoped that there would be a child. I have known that Lydia has refused this responsibility. I have spoken to her on several occasions. She has always put me off. There was, she said, plenty of time. Once she told me flatly she wished no children; she was afraid; she could not bear pain. She spoke with brutality and anger. I realize now that she was honest because she had been drinking.

Well, she was wiser than I, whatever her motive. She has no right to bear children. And thus, too, you would have half a life, incomplete, frustrated in the

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Mine, too. I cease with Lydia.

Tomorrow we will talk this out. Don't be afraid for me. I am calm; I am in no danger from this shoal. Curious, isn't it, when it has been said that a shock would kill a man in my condition? But this recalcitrant heart must be a tougher organ than my colleagues believe or the cardiogram portrays. I can take this, but you are not to take it any longer. If I were dying I would still say this to you, Ron. I would charge you, with my final breath, to leave my daughter, to go your own way—

I am old and stubborn. Because I am stubborn I will see this through. So, in another way, I too will become useful once more. I will save you, my dear boy, despite yourself . . .

The letter ended there, breaking off without signature.

Lydia sat with the sheets scattered around her. She picked them up, one by one, and fitted the edges neatly together. She was as a woman stunned. She could not measure nor evaluate the crushing ferocity of this blow.

Little by little, her thoughts cleared and centered.

Her father, who had loved her, believed her worthless. He had written that in cold, clear intelligence.

Ron was to leave her. Her father had said so.

She herself had said, "Leave me. Let me drink myself to death." She had not meant it. She had not believed it. The foundations of her life were fixed in Ron, and in their marriage. Whatever she did, that remained. He remained.

She said aloud, in a hoarse, unreflected whisper, "He mustn't see this. I'll burn it—"

She was silent. A voice screamed in her brain. It said, Your father wrote this and died. You killed him.

But she had loved him. She had used him, yet she had loved him. She had respected him. He and Ron were the only human beings for whom she had ever known respect.

She could not sit here thinking. She listened intently. No one stirred. Perhaps even the servants were out.

She went very quietly to the dining room. Possibly some one had been careless. She could not think and live. The very center of her being was numb.

Some one had been careless. She took the bottle back to the room with her. Her hand shook and the bottle rim clattered against the glass. She spilled a good deal on the floor.

Escape, forget—pretend it was never written.

You're worthless; he will leave you. He didn't need this horrible letter to convince him. He will leave you anyway, and then where will you be?

★ RON came in, and Jenny had not yet returned. He went to Lydia's room and found her on the bed in her blind and hideous stupor, and stood looking at her, experiencing once more his sense of hopeless failure.

The letter was beside her, the sheets together. He picked them up, wondering. Saw the writing, and his own name, and was transfixed with premonition. He read it, standing there. Once, twice.

She had read it, and had escaped from it. Temporarily there was no escape for him. Out of the muddled welter of his thoughts one fact emerged, clear and plain. She must not know that he too had read it.

He spoke to her as if she could hear. He said to her, with terrible pity, "But I cannot abandon you, my darling."

He found the envelope and put the letter in it. If he destroyed it she would know, waking and remembering. He put the envelope in a book that lay near by. Waking and remembering, she would look for it. She would look for it; she would find it, and would destroy it herself.

★ TWO days later Lydia and Jenny left with Aunt Sammy for Delray Beach. Lydia was quiet, very pale and shaken. She said nothing. But she clung to Ron, leaving, with an intensity which frightened him and which he understood. He dared not reassure her. . . .

They were gone three months, during which time he was very busy. Aunt Sammy sent him brisk bulletins. Lydia was brown, she said, but not eating very well. Friends came to see her, driving over from Palm Beach, and proved something of a distraction, although they were not the type of which Aunt Sammy approved. Jenny was fine, a good girl, a wonderful nurse.

Jenny wrote meticulous reports. Lydia was listless, she said. Twice, for all Jenny's vigilance, she eluded her and obtained liquor, and it had not been easy to deceive Aunt Sammy with a diagnosis of migraine or a bilious attack. Another time Amabell Jarvis and her brother, coming for a third visit, had insisted that Lydia return with them. She had done so despite Aunt Sammy's conventional disapproval, but Jenny had gone with her. It hadn't been very bad.

"She telephoned you from the Jarvis house," Jenny wrote, "and, as you must have realized, she had been drinking. Openly, to the amazement of our hostess. But not very much. . . . Don't worry too much, Ron."

He thought, She can't have forgotten. She'll remember the letter, every word of it. He had looked for it after she left, and it was gone.

Mamie wrote him, and reported that she was obeying her doctor and her blood pressure was down. Rose, Bill Treat's wife, was a fine person; the boy adored her. Pity she had none of her own, nor any prospects; but Bill wouldn't hear of it, though he did seem to take more of an interest in Lily's boy these days. No new medical man had come into the district. There was some talk of a hospital to serve the rural community, but nothing had come of it. She added that she would give almost anything to see him.

But he could not get away. He

thought, When Lydia comes back, we will talk. She must have time now to get hold of herself, to recover, at least physically, from her father's death. And from, he thought, the legacy her father had unwittingly left her.

He had one diversion: a Mrs. Bates, the sister of a new patient, attractive, witty, a divorcee in her early thirties. She lived alone in a tiny house on upper Fifth Avenue. She was childless and glad of it. "I'd make a rotten mother," she said. Her interests were charity, art, golf, and, she added frankly, men.

★ SHE had been interested in Ron since her first visit to his office with her sister, Mrs. Rowen. While Mrs. Rowen was in the hospital for a minor operation, he saw Sally Bates often. He dined with her first with a group: the second time, alone. She asked negligently, "Every one's South; you don't mind, do you?"

"On the contrary," he told her, smiling.

After dinner they sat over coffee in the miniature living room, and she asked abruptly, "I suppose you know you're a very attractive man?"

"Naturally," he replied gravely, "as I have had innumerable motion-picture offers."

Mrs. Bates smiled. She said, "I meant that, you know."

He felt gauche, awkward, and tried to cover it with the usual banality, which she waved aside impatiently. She said, "You're married, I suppose?"

He nodded, and Sally went on, "It's a pity. But usually, when a man has sufficiently matured to be of interest, he's already bespoken." She added, "But I believe we could be friends."

That was all, that evening. Generally, when he made hospital rounds, she was with her sister. After Mrs. Rowen was discharged from the hospital and went South, Ron acquired the habit of dropping in on Sally occasionally at the cocktail hour, or in the early evening. She had a stimulating mind and was better-looking than a clever woman had any right to be. And was devastatingly honest.

One evening she said, "I wouldn't marry again if the man had as much charm as my ex-husband had money. I lead my own life. There's no one to hurt. I have no parents, no children, and the late-lamented, now happily married to a more suitable female, doesn't care what I do. There's no alimony involved, so my objection to re-matrimony isn't based upon that factor. I believe that relationships between men and women—women of my sort, of course, who are in the minority—should be based on mutual need and mutual respect for one another's individuality. I'm not promiscuous. I don't say that I always demand a mind," she added—thinking of the last man with whom she had been in love—"but when I encounter one in the properly interesting wrappings, so much the better. Everything has its tenure, nothing lasts. When a love affair becomes a matter of habit, it

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was time to end it six months prior. Without recriminations or claims—"He understood perfectly. Sally was very attractive. But she constituted a temptation which he found he could successfully resist.

She understood, too. She said, when he came in answer to a telephone message a day or so later, "So now I have to call you and you come unwillingly?"

He said something about being busy.

She laughed. She said, "I thought doctors were realists. But you are, I fear, an idealist." She shrugged her shoulders. "Too bad," she said thoughtfully, "as my system isn't infallible. It doesn't work with idealists."

He asked, amused, "Why?"

"Most of them are sentimentalists too," she said promptly, "or, if you prefer, romantics. And they have consciences." She looked at him, smiling. "Well, it's been fun knowing you, and you can't condemn a woman for trying, can you?" she concluded.

He left, a little relieved, conscious that he would miss her for a time, and aware that he would not be likely to encounter her again except by coincidence.

Now and then, thinking of her, he informed himself that he was probably a fool. The majority of his acquaintances would not condemn him for infidelity, had they known his situation. That is, not if any lapse were conducted with discretion. But a man can't absolve himself. At least, he couldn't. He thought, Of all the people

who know me, those who know me best would condemn me least, yet be the most bitterly disappointed.

Mamie, for one. As for Jenny, she was an idealist, too.

★ TOWARD the middle of April, Ron flew to Delray to bring Lydia and Jenny back. Aunt Sammy was remaining for another three weeks. Ron allowed himself four days of sun, languor, and bright blue water. He swam, slept, fished, and relaxed, and that much was wonderful. Too, his first glimpse of Lydia gave him heart. She was rounder, so brown that her eyes were startling, and her fair hair bleached to silver gilt. She seemed very glad to see him, flinging herself into his arms at the airport, sitting close to him in the car on the way to the cottage, openly holding his hand. Jenny, observing this, was conscious of a heart grown leaden. Yet had not she worked and prayed for it, for Lydia's returning health and so for Ron's returning happiness?

Jenny gave up her room to him, a small one connecting with Lydia's.

That first night Lydia came in while he was undressing. She looked like a brown child in her thin white nightgown, her hair pinned on top of her head. She asked, "You'll leave the door open?"

"Of course." He took her in his arms and kissed her. "If you knew how grateful I am to Aunt Sammy and Florida—"

She said wistfully, "I wish we could

have a cottage here on the beach."

She was thinking, he knew, of his promise. He said gravely, "Lydia—I promised you that after your father's death I would give up my practice. But—"

"Don't talk about it," she interrupted sharply. "Don't let's talk about anything tonight."

She broke from his arms and ran back to her room. Later, when the lights were out, she called him. "Ron?" she said. "Please—I'm frightened."

That night she belonged to him again, holding him with an almost savage possessiveness, crying against his shoulder, imploring him in an agony of terror to love her, to hold her, never to let her go. He was startled beyond belief. He had for a very brief moment the illusion that she was his as he had never known her to be. Yet later he lay thinking beside her, in the sea-murmurous darkness. He thought wearily, She's afraid.

★ HE asked her gently, "Lydia, will you talk to me now?" But she replied drowsily. "I'm sleepy," she said. "Ron, don't go; stay with me."

She was a child, believing in the impossible, the static, the budded flower which never comes to full blossom, the story which has no conclusion, the song which is an endless variation on one theme, repetitive, unaccomplishing, like the bolero. Mamie used to say, "He who says A must say B." But Lydia believed you could go on saying A all your life.

The next night the door stayed open, but she did not call him. She lay awake, straining to hear his even breathing. She thought, I have only to speak.

But the conviction was slowly growing in her that that was not the way. She had tried. She had even, for the first time, felt a personal and immediate urgency, straining lips and limbs and hands to hold him. But it was not the way. He had taken her because he was a man, she thought bitterly, and she had offered. He could not love her. A woman who had killed her father, whom her own father thought worthless. But he doesn't know that, she told herself slyly.

He knew it; he wouldn't need Allen's letter to convince him. Why hadn't she destroyed it? It was locked in her jewel case. It had destroyed her, but she could not consign it to ashes. Father, she whispered in the darkness.

She did not call Ron again, and presently they flew back to the Northern spring which had come suddenly, with all the promise of June.

Lydia was altered. She would not see people, she was listless and distraught, she would not go out, she stayed home, unresponsive to any effort to arouse her. Now and then, despite their watching, she drank heavily.

One afternoon at the end of May, Ron sat beside her and watched her heavy eyes open and, with an effort, focus. Jenny was asleep, exhausted after three days and nights of horror.



Lydia said in a weak voice, "I feel ghastly."

He spoke, his hand resting quietly on the arms of his chair. He asked, "Is it worth it, to feel like this afterward?"

She was ill and racked, her body a network of irritated nerves. She answered sullenly, "How do I know?"

"Lydia, so much can be done. We can help you all the way, if you want to be helped."

"I won't go to one of those places!" she cried at him. "You can't make me. I'd die first!"

★ THAT was it, she thought, quiet again. Die first. Get out of this morass, this quicksand of terror. Be free—leave him free. That was what her father had wanted.

She whimpered, "I can't; I'm afraid, I tell you—afraid."

He put his hand over hers. He said, sighing, "Poor child." He thought she was afraid of the sanitarium, of the long struggle — physically painful, mentally shattering, nervously exhausting.

She said after a moment, "Oh, go away. Leave me alone. I'm sick, I tell you. I can't bear having you near me. Don't touch me—don't!" Her voice rose, sharp as an arrow. "Get out," she said. "Get out."

He could leave her safely enough, as far as her present condition was concerned. He rose, measured something in a glass, poured water from a thermos. "Drink this, Lydia."

Docile, she drank, and then struck the glass from his hand. "Stop treating me as if I were a child!" she said.

Ron went out, closing the door. He walked, stooped as an old man, into his father-in-law's library. Jenny, coming in, found him there, sitting at the desk, turning an ivory paper cutter over in his hands.

She said, "I slept like the dead. How is she?"

"As you'd expect." He added, "Jenny, this can't go on. There's no one to hurt now. She'll have to go away—even involuntarily."

"It will be dreadful." She asked after a moment, "And your promise?"

"I can't keep it," he said, very white.

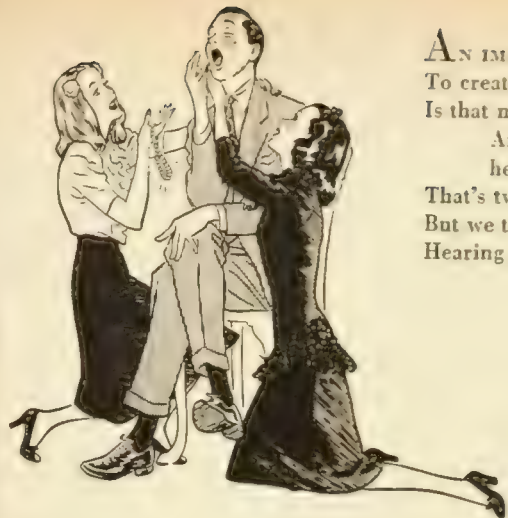
Her heart rose in exultation. He went on dully, "Somehow we'll work it out." He looked at her and tried to smile. "Go out," he ordered, "and get some fresh air before dinner. You look utterly worn, sleep or no sleep. I'll stay here."

After she returned, while they were dining, a telegram came from Jenny's aunt. Her mother was ill; would she come at once?

She left for Cooperstown on the first train, and Ron took her to the station. "I'll be back as soon as I can," she said. "From the telephone conversation with Dr. Herold, I'm convinced it isn't serious."

"Don't worry about us," he said; "we'll manage."

He had his work, his office hours, his calls, the hospital. Lydia was up the next day, very pale, starting at the least sound, but quiet. She came



There was a Powers model dying to marry our Hero
 (Simply because his bank balance began with 1 and ended with many and many a zero.)
 But he looked far from the nerts
 In his shirts.
 The designing model thereupon broke her piggy bank to bits
 And bought Roy some Arrow
 Dales and Arrow Hitts.



One night, while dancing at that famous New York club,
 The Stork Club,
 Roy met an heiress, who, naturally, wasn't after his money,
 And who, incidentally, was a honey.
 He looked mighty good to her in one of the shirts the model gave him, and as you were probably able to predict,
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 We are pleased to say
 The Powers girl caught the bride's bouquet.
 Now, lest you get the idea Arrows are only for men in Who's Who,
 May we remind you that Dale costs but \$2.50 and Hitt costs merely two.

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 To create
 Is that merely by wearing
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 That's twaddle.
 But we think you might enjoy
 Hearing about Roy.



These two shirts have collars that never wilt—
 Arrow Collars, you understand, the handsomest ever built.
 Hitt and Dale are fine broadcloth, cut to the "Mitoga" figure-fit
 And Sanforized-Shrunk, guaranteed to shrink no more than the teensiest bit*.
 When he wore them, Roy
 Was the McCoy.



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*Less than 1%! A new shirt free if one shrinks out of fit!

in while he was having breakfast and sat down with him, an almost unprecedented gesture. She drank a cup of coffee, black, strong, and went with him to the door when he was leaving. She spoke to him in the words he had used to Jenny. She said, and put her hand on his arm, "Don't worry."

Somehow, he believed her, for the first time.

Lydia went back to her room. She removed her jewel case from the small wall safe in her bedroom and opened it. She took her father's letter and held it in both hands. The paper grew damp under her grasp.

She read it painfully, as a child reads, word for word, forming each with her lips.

She locked herself in the bedroom, and would not answer when later they called her for lunch, except to say, "I don't want any; please go away." The servants looked at each other, alarmed. Should they call the doctor? If Miss Jenny were here, she'd know what to do. The servants knew a good deal. Servants always do. They are not easily deceived.

After a while Lydia rose. She thought, There must be something in the house.

Ron kept things locked up in his own medicine closet, even simple sedatives. She went into her bathroom, her face like a death mask, and took a clean new razor blade from its wrappings. If you drew it across your wrists, swift, sharp and deep,

you did not feel much, and your life bled away from you painlessly—or so it had been said.

She cut her finger on the blade, a shallow cut, and watched the red blood welling up with a sudden surge of nausea. She felt faint and ill, and dropped the razor in the washbasin and went unsteadily to her room and lay on the bed, with her handkerchief around the little wound; and presently it stopped bleeding and there was only the evidence on the handkerchief and a small stain on the beautiful intricately embroidered counterpane that had been a wedding present.

"I can't do it," she whispered.

★ BUT what was left? Nothing, nothing. Her father gone, hating her. That isn't true; he didn't hate me. Ron pitying her. She tried to sneer at Ron. Dutiful husband, nature's nobleman, old school tie, and all that sort of thing, she said to herself.

She could not; it did not quite come off. He was all she had, he and her father. They hadn't belonged to her wholly. She hated and resented that. But something of them had belonged, a little, and she could not lose that much. She had lost her father; she must not lose Ron.

I'm destroying him.

Herself, him, as she had destroyed her father.

Lie still. Will yourself to die. Will that your heart stop beating and that your blood grow cold in your veins,

that your tangled nerves relax, and you grow still, all over, forever. Will it, demand it of God.

She could not will it. God did not listen, and she was alive, and weeping horribly, slow, dry, retching sobs. She dare not die, and she dared not live.

She heard Ron come in; rose quickly and changed her frock with anxious shaking fingers; bathed her face and eyes and hands; and unlocked her door. She called, when he knocked, "I'll be right out."

He had been uneasy, entering the apartment. The very faces of the servants, closed against him, watchful and even pitying, had frightened him. But when he stood at her door he could hear her moving about, and the small sounds of normal living, hairbrush clattering on the glass-topped dressing table, water running, the single silly song of the enamel powder box with

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the musical insides, which he had bought for her.

Later she joined him in the living room and they dined. She ate practically nothing.

"Lydia, you are losing the weight you gained down South."

She asked, "How else did you expect me to get into my clothes?" She roused herself with an effort. "What happened today?" she asked.

He looked at her, astonished; she took so little interest in his work. He tried to meet her now more than halfway: spoke of a new man on the hospital staff; of an interesting clinic case, a Caesarian section — twins, and mother and children doing well.

She was not listening. His eagerness sank back into itself; his voice lagged, and his heart; and he went on with his dinner mechanically.

Afterward they had coffee in the library. And when she poured he saw her hand.

"What did you do to your thumb?"

Lydia set down the coffeepot. They were alone in the room. She looked at her hand indifferently, as if it were not part of her. She answered, after a minute, "I tried to kill myself."

"Lydia!" His voice was utterly unnatural, his face erased of all expression by shock. Steady, warned his common sense, She doesn't mean it; she's trying to frighten you.

Lydia raised her eyes. She said, "Well, it's true. Don't stare at me like that. I did try. With a razor blade. I cut myself taking it out of the wrapper. It made me sick, so I couldn't do it. There must be an easier way, but even the easiest would be too hard."

"Lydia, in heaven's name—"

She looked at him somberly. She asked, "What's the use, Ron? You're going to leave me; I know it."

"Leave you? What are you saying?"

"Of course." She said, after a moment, "From the very first. It was all there—the first time you kissed me, the first time you said you loved me. You believed it, I believed it, and maybe it was true for a little while. Yet all along you were going to leave me some day. I've known it for months; so have you. You knew it before I did, years ago. You knew it—"

He asked, "You are thinking of my promise?"

She lifted her heavy lids and looked at him. She repeated dully, "What promise?"

"The one you exacted of me—to give up practice after your father's death."

She began to shake uncontrollably. "Why must you torture me?" she demanded. "Go on, say it—I killed him."

His heart steadied, his mind grew very clear. The letter. He said sharply, "Lydia, don't be absurd; don't even—"

She had herself in hand again. She interrupted, leaning forward, "I'm sorry. Tell me again, Ron, about your promise."

He drew a long breath. "It's no use," he said. "I can't keep it. I don't believe you'd want me to. I'd be only half a man without my profession."

She said, "Wait here."

★ WHILE he waited, and the coffee grew cold in the porcelain cups, she went into her bedroom, opened the wall safe, fumblingly, took out the jewel case, and from it her father's letter.

Returning to the library, she walked lightly, feeling curiously elated. At the door the elation passed. Go back. Put it away again. Better still, tear it up, burn it. Don't show it to him—you're out of your mind!

Why not show it? It can make no difference. His mind's made up. He is just stalling you, Lydia. He means to leave you, he has left you—you are forever alone.

She thought, Perhaps this will make it simpler.

The coffee things had been taken away. Ron was standing by the window, smoking. He turned as she came in. She said, holding out the letter, "I want you to read this."

Is there hope at last for Lydia's and Ron's happiness? Or will she refuse to take a cure, and drive her husband into Jenny's arms? There are swift surprises as, with next week's chapter, this enthralling story ends.



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The most respected member of any community or family has his natural place at the head of the table • In the same way, America's most distinguished beer naturally takes *its* place at the head of the table. No amount of money can buy Schlitz quality in any other beer • Many of the world's finer things are beyond the means of most people. But that famous flavor found only in Schlitz is within reach of everybody • Around the corner, or around the world, there is no substitute for a beer so fine it made a city famous.



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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



HITLER AND GÖRING'S WIFE—Continued from Page 11

Then one evening they were brought before Göring and Emmy. She understood immediately that for once the truth was more complicated than a lie. So she said she didn't know the man. The dentist, who was more dead than alive, stuttered something about having mistaken her for somebody else.

Göring seemed satisfied. He generously decided that each of the other arrested citizens would get a hundred marks from the state treasury and a return ticket to Heilbronn. When one of them asked what they were supposed to say when people asked why they had been arrested, he was genuinely astonished. He threw up his hands. "Why, if your sense of tact does not tell you . . ."

About that time Hitler started to visit the Görings oftener. He would just drop in of an evening. He would suggest that they could give receptions, that there ought to be musical soirees in their house. Göring himself, who was quite a busy man and who was bored by music, was rarely present. Perhaps it was by chance that Hitler sat next to Emmy, that his hand somehow came to rest on hers.

Emmy told her husband about it. She was afraid, and she said as much. Göring said nothing.

She was no longer happy. He wasn't

the old Göring any more. He became stranger and stranger. There was something about him she couldn't grasp. Sometimes he was exceedingly happy, and then again he was depressed.

Magda Goebbels told her what it was all about.

The two ladies did not see each other often. Magda, of course, was jealous. Since Emmy's marriage she was no longer the first lady of the Third Reich. She said to Emmy, "But everybody in the Party knows about it, my dear—except you."

What did they know? Simply that Göring was taking morphine. He had become an addict in the 1920's after a severe illness. He had undergone many cures, but he had always slid back to the drug. Now he had done so again.

Emmy grew lonely. She had become too inaccessible to her former friends. When she gave birth to a daughter, the child was baptized Edda in honor of the Duce. The Führer had asked it as a special favor. It gave him more opportunities to drop in on the Görings. He was so fond of children. He was photographed every so often with little Edda.

Then there was the soiree at Göring's in the middle of 1938. The master of the house was away. There was talk about this trip of his. Everybody knew that he was taking another cure. The Führer was present, however. He did his talking to Emmy. He pre-

tended to believe that her husband was on a hunting trip. "I don't understand Göring, really," he said, and many guests overheard him. "I think hunting is terrible. Shooting helpless animals that can't resist."

He, too, was hunting. Hunting women who could not resist. . . .

Emmy was not afraid of the Führer any more. She no longer felt the threat. Magda Goebbels could have warned her. But of course she didn't. Once Emmy had been warned, or might have been—back in 1934, by one of her old friends, the interior decorator Elizabeth Keimer, who had helped furnish Hitler's home in Berchtesgaden. One evening she told Emmy and other friends about that home. Suddenly she caught herself:

"What goes on there—no, I can't speak about it. I could never speak about it. . . ."

But Emmy hadn't understood then. And now Elizabeth Keimer was dead. So there was nobody to warn Emmy.

And so, in the spring of 1939, Emmy drove with the Führer to Berchtesgaden. For some time afterward she was not seen in Berlin.

★ EXCEPT for Hitler and Emmy, there is probably nobody alive who knows exactly what happened. But you can guess. You can guess that in a moment of loneliness, weakness, Emmy gave in to the suggestive, soulful look of those famous blue eyes and to that soothing voice. A look and a voice which had nothing in common with the terrible things that were going on all over Germany, with human beings being beaten up in concentration camps. How could she have guessed that a man with such a voice and with such eyes willed all these cruelties, that he wanted people beaten and tortured because he got a frightful sort of pleasure out of it?

There is little doubt that Emmy went through the same horrible experience through which all the women who fall for Hitler have to go.

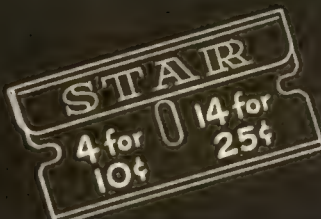
Perhaps Emmy told her husband. Perhaps that has something to do with the fact that he has taken more and more morphine lately. Perhaps the fact that informed Party members were just then starting rumors about quarrels between Hitler and Göring had something to do with those events in the spring of 1939.

There is one fact which can definitely be established, though it is known to only a few people: On December 1, 1939, Emmy arrived in Lausanne, Switzerland. She took rooms at the Hotel Mont Blanc and registered under the name of Lydia Hermann (Hermann, of course, is Göring's first name). With her were little Edda, the nurse, a maid, and two robust gentlemen who were observed sitting in the lobby all the time, smoking big cigars.

A day or so later Emmy checked out of the hotel and went to a hospital. There she bore a child. Contrary to Swiss laws, this child was not registered with the Etat Civil, the proper authority for such registration.

**OH, BILL—
YOUR CHIN'S
SO SMOOTH
TONIGHT!**

**MUST
BE THAT
STAR
SINGLE EDGE
BLADE**



About two and a half weeks later, Emmy went back to Germany with the baby, accompanied by the two robust men.

This whole trip is surrounded by mystery. Why did Göring send his wife to Switzerland? After all, Germany was not being bombed yet—it was still the period of the “phony war.” Did he no longer feel secure? Did he feel that his wife was no longer safe? Was he afraid the child might be born dead, or might not be normal?

Or was it, perhaps, that Göring had nothing to do with the trip; that it was a flight? That Emmy did not want to go on, that she could not go on?

Why is it that this second child has never been mentioned publicly in the Third Reich? Think of the fuss they had made about little Edda! Almost immediately after Emmy returned, there was a presentation of gifts to poor Berlin children, for which Göring gave the money. Each child got a little picture, too, showing Göring, Emmy, and little Edda. The second child was never referred to.

According to radio and press reports, German and neutral, parties and soirees are still being held in the Göring house. Of course Hitler hasn't attended lately. Perhaps that's because of the war. Perhaps. . . .

Otherwise, nothing much has changed—outwardly. Emmy still is the first lady of the Third Reich. Everybody says that she is very, very happy. Shortly after the fall of France, Göring sent for her. He wanted her to shop in Paris. She bought heaps of silk stockings and dresses, and he was always with her. He saw to it that there were also many photographers.

Did she realize that the war-impo-
verished Germans were speaking of her as the woman who changed her dress ten times a day?

When the R. A. F. started to bomb Berlin, Göring sent her to Vienna. The opera gave a gala performance in her honor. When the audience saw her enter the old Emperor's box, a whole epidemic of coughing, sneezing, and clearing of throats started. When the house was darkened and the overture began, people started to stamp and make so much noise that you couldn't hear the music.

Emmy left.

★ IN a way, she was back where she had started—an actress without much success. Perhaps she was beginning to understand that you pay a price for playing the role of the first lady of the Third Reich.

Or she may have thought back to her childhood, when the gypsy woman foretold her future. What had the woman said? “A great man is going to be in love with your daughter . . . He isn't quite a king.”

No, he wasn't quite a king.

THE END

Further revelations by Curt Riess concerning women in Hitler's strange and fearsome life will be found in an early issue of Liberty.

“Look me over, Dad, I'm a woman with a past!”



“Hm! It seems to have agreed with you. But I never did like your being away from home. Come on, darling, what's the confession?”

“Brace yourself, Dad. It's a dark story. For months after I hit the big city I was all on edge. Lost weight. Lost sleep. I even used to . . .”



“Used to *what*, Sue?”

“Jump at people, like this! And then I was told I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency.”

“What the dickens is that?”

“It's a shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I bought a week's supply of FLEISCHMANN'S. Took two cakes a day in nice cool tomato juice, and pretty soon...”

“Mm! I know FLEISCHMANN'S can do plenty for people, but what's this about tomato juice?”

“That's the new way to take it. Look! Mash a cold cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass, and drink. Delicious! Has a flavor like oven-fresh bread!”



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the tables by a mutinous guinea pig.

The beauty of being a writer, so the cliché went, was that you could work any place; therefore, why not Lincoln, where Anthony was? How could she explain that a woman nearing forty found the same intoxication in being next-door neighbor to Katharine Cornell and Lily Pons and Anne Morgan that she had felt as a child of ten dreaming of her schoolmates' awe when they should see her name on a title page? How could she reveal that the view from her windows was a constant and thrilling confirmation of dreams come true?

As if seeking to test the stimulant she had refused to deny herself, Jock took Rex out onto the balcony which overlooked the East River.

Rex's pleasant ironic voice sliced into her mood. "America's own successor to the Bay of Naples," he observed. "Picture post card for alleged sophisticates: East River at Night."

★ JOCK was surprised into defensive candor. "I've never lost my corn-fed taste for beauty," she said resentfully, "even when it's obvious. I like the Grand Canyon, too."

"Oh, I didn't mean to run down your view," said Rex. "No doubt I'm a victim of the general tendency to underestimate what doesn't require explanation. People set a higher value on things when they have to exert their faculties to appreciate them."

"I know," said Jock. "Like olives. You have to acquire a taste for some kinds of beauty."

"Perhaps I'm wrong," said Rex, "but I should set you down as a person who had about outgrown her taste for this kind. I can see how it appealed to your imagination when you first came here, but now don't you begin to find the river view a little cramped and confining? Don't you often feel the urge to test your skill on a broader canvas?"

"Why," said Jock, hardly able to credit this evidence of interest from a critic who had never deemed her work even important enough to review, "why, I don't know. I love writing about New York."

"You've managed to convey your enthusiasm very well," said Rex, "and it gives your descriptions color and quality. But I was wondering what would happen if you made an entirely new departure—if, for example, you tried your hand at a novel about your own country. It seems to me that no writer has ever presented a really balanced picture of the Middle West."

Jock, the words "color" and "quality" chiming in her ears, agreed.

"Some one like you," continued Rex, "would seem the logical person to take a crack at it. You'd have the advantage of a double point of view because you were born there and the place is in your blood, plus the cosmopolitan outlook your years away have given you. Your familiarity with the nuances of the terrain and the

idiom would be supplemented by the fresh awareness and sense of proportion that can only be supplied by adequate perspective."

"I'd never looked at it just that way," said Jock.

"It's a task requiring fully matured abilities," said Rex, "but if it came off, it would be a genuine contribution to contemporary American fiction."

A genuine contribution to contemporary American fiction. Gazing over the river, Jock repeated the sonorous phrase to herself until a tugboat's hooting recalled her to the present and she excused herself to change.

Left alone, Rex found little to interest him in the sitting room, and, exploring farther, found himself in a chamber containing desk, typewriter, dictaphone, and filing cabinets. Opening a file drawer, he was soon happily engaged in the pursuit of his favorite sport, i. e., snooping. He was still hard at it a quarter of an hour later when Bob Davidson came in and, ignoring the other's gibes, announced that their hostess was the only perfect surviving example of the popular conception of an authoress.

"She's got every word she's ever let fall stored in these things," said Rex, nodding at the filing cabinets. "And," he continued, going down the line of cases, "here's fan mail, and here's reviews, and here's story ideas, and here's notes from real life. This one's my favorite." He pulled out a notebook, opened it at random, and read: "Attended the Army-Navy game and sat right behind Peggy Joyce, but she was so wrapped up in fur coats and rugs could see little of her but her hair, which is certainly yellow." He flipped over a few more pages. "Went to Tony's after the theater. Saw Benchley and Parker and Bankhead." Rex shook his head. "Lewis Carroll would have loved her."

★ "SAY," said Bob, "have you put that flea in her ear yet?" "Yes," she seemed to be in quite a flutter.

"Hasn't she said anything about Anthony's going out West to live?"

"Not a word," said Rex. "Just that he was away."

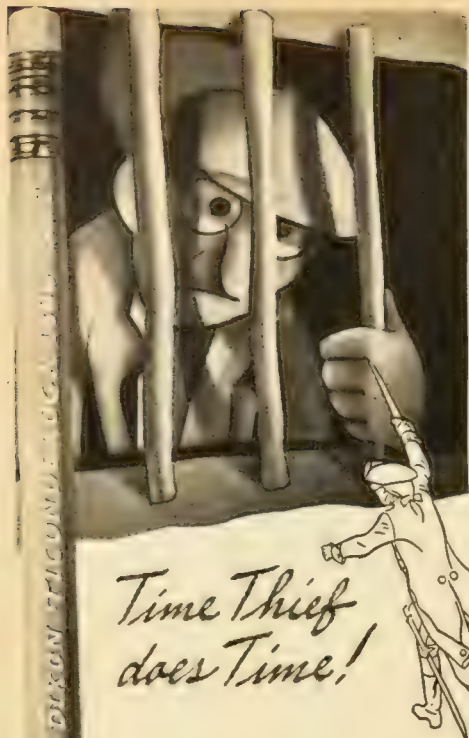
"Well, he's got a new job as departmental dean at the University of Nebraska," said Bob.

"Oh," said Rex, "and he wants the little woman?"

"I guess it goes deeper than that," said Bob. "It's got an O. Henry twist. He wasn't any too keen on leaving Columbia, but he thought he ought to get Jock out of New York."

"Kindly elaborate," said Rex.

"Well, he came up to the office a week or so ago demanding facts and figures in no uncertain terms, and there was nothing for me to do but tell him the truth: Jock's last two books have been way down in sales. Not that they haven't made lucrative returns on account of the serial and movie rights, but all signs indicate



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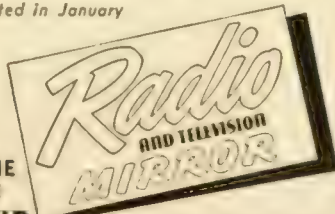
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that she's definitely on the way out. I've sort of shaded the situation to her, and gone the limit on publicity, because Jock's such a good egg, she's as excited about life as a kid. You can't help being fond of her."

"And then, of course, she's made Duff & Davidson a pretty penny," observed Rex. "But I don't suppose that influences your feelings."

"Of course it does," said Bob impatiently. "But it's refreshing to have a writer on your list who isn't too blasé to get a kick out of being in print and who doesn't act like she was doing you a huge favor to let you handle her precious stuff. I understand how Anthony feels about her."

"How does he feel about her?"

"He doesn't want things spoiled for her," said Bob. "He doesn't want her disillusioned about the world she's dreamed up. He wants her to get away from it with her laurels intact."

"What's this about laurels?" demanded Jock, coming in dressed for a summer evening in town. Without waiting for an answer, she went on, "Oh, Bob, the most wonderful thing has happened! Anthony's got a simply marvelous new appointment at—of all places!—the old alma mater."

"Why, that's swell!" said Bob.

"Well," said Jock, "it fits in brilliantly with my plans. At last I've got a legitimate excuse to take a crack at the Great Middle-Western Novel." She looked at Rex. "Mr. James and I were discussing it a little while ago. It was a very enlightening chat—and the most unique bit of literary criticism that's ever come my way."

"Unique?" said Rex questioningly. "No critic," said Jock, "has ever before managed to kill me with kindness. . . . You know," she said, turning

to Bob, "I'm quite excited at the thought of going back to Lincoln. I'm the local girl who made good in the city. I expect I'll be considered one of the sights of interest."

"I wish all sights of interest had such pretty ankles," said Bob. "When do you think you're going to leave?"

"Oh, I've got to close the house, and attend to all sorts of details."

"Surely," said Bob, "I, or some one in the office, can look after everything. I tell you what," he said enthusiastically. "Why don't you catch a late plane and stun old Anthony by meeting him at the station in Chicago tomorrow?"

Jock's eyes lighted up. It was the kind of spur-of-the-moment adventure the heroines of her books were always indulging in. "Do you think I could get a seat?"

"Phone the air-line office," said Bob.

"By the way," said Rex, as she was dialing the number, "you haven't forgotten our little deal, have you?"

Bob scowled at him warningly. "We'll discuss it later," he said.

"Oh, no," said Rex. "I think we'd better get it straight right now."

"O. K.," said Bob hurriedly. "Duff & Davidson will do you proud. Rex K. James' The Story of Cheese, with four-color illustrations, will be a collectors' item."

"Boxed," insisted Rex.

"Boxed," agreed Bob, with a sigh.

Satisfied, Rex turned to Jock, who was leaning on the desk wearing a dreamy expression. "So you're standing us up for a professor," he said. "Incidentally, what's he teach?"

"Psychology," Jock said absently, for already she was picturing the scene on the station platform. How surprised Anthony would be!

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933. Of LIBERTY, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1941.

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County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Meyer Dworkin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the LIBERTY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the Reverse of this form, to wit:

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(This information is required from daily publications only.) MEYER DWORIN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of October, 1941.

(Seal) JOSEPH M. ROTH.

(My commission expires March 30, 1943.)

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BUG DOCTOR—Continued from Page 34

tion was well recognized. No one denied it. But building contracts are decided upon by politicians and given out by politicians.

All this time the periodical demand for prison investigation was being made, led by the political opposition to the state administration. As soon as public interest in the torch murder died down a little, the papers began to receive and print letters about the death of Jim Martinson, the famous athlete. Out of the blue came a demand for a special investigation into the cause and circumstance. I began to sense a tension in the prison air. And just then the drama of "Lucky" Louis Simonelli and Fred Lyman unfolded itself.

A big city's slums were the environment Fred Lyman and his sister Faith had lived in since childhood. Faith was slight, with calm, trustful blue eyes—just the type to set fire to the imagination of swarthy little Louis Simonelli. Three years older than her brother, she had started to make her living much earlier. When their father died—their mother had been dead for years—she became a photographic model, then got a job modeling in motion-picture fashion shows. She made enough money to keep up the home until Fred was old enough to look for a job. But that was in a period of depression when no one wanted an inexperienced boy.

Faith, in spite of her rather worldly profession, kept her ideals and her naïveté. When she met Lucky Louis, she did not suspect that here was a rat masquerading as a human being. He had done time, and should have done more. He had now wormed himself into union activities and become the head of a powerful corrupt local.

It never occurred to Faith that Lucky's business wasn't on the up-and-up. She asked him if he could help Fred find a job. He could and did. And his kindness helped him in doing with Faith as he wished.

Fred, on becoming a collector for Lucky, must have realized that he was in a racket. Not that that would have mattered a great deal to him. What did matter was his love for his sister Faith. And finally, bewildered and desperate, Faith disappeared. Fred couldn't find her, and he was crazy with anxiety. He swore vengeance on Lucky.

It happened that a small business man who had stood out against Lucky's union's demands was found murdered. When Fred was arrested, he willingly spilled everything. The whole racket blew up. They weren't quite able to prove the murder on Lucky, but for extortion he was sent to Glen Alder for ten to twenty years. By the time Fred arrived, on a two-and-a-half- to five-year sentence, Lucky was already established in the prison, the accepted leader of a very hard-boiled group.

Here was the germ of a feud among the far too idle inmates. Fortunately,

Fred was literate, so we could employ him at special work in the executive office. As Lucky spent the greater part of his days in the recreation yard, they had not too much chance to meet. But in a few weeks Fred's office work ended.

I spoke to the P. J. about the need for segregation. He laughed contemptuously and spat.

Then came the visitors' room affair. On Tuesdays visitors were admitted as early as ten o'clock. The large crowd gave the inmates and their relatives the privacy they wanted. Supervision was not particularly onerous. There were railings made of gas pipe, three feet high, outlining dozens of little pens. Inside each pen was a bench long enough to seat an inmate and three visitors. Often I would walk through that crowded room. When I felt discouraged in my work, a few moments there could give new interest and faith.

That morning I was there because I knew Fred Lyman's sister Faith was making her first visit. She had reappeared of a sudden, and I wished to observe Lyman with her.

Inside one of the gas-pipe enclosures they sat. Fred's face was pale, his eyes burned. Faith, dressed in worn black, was plainly a sick girl who didn't care what happened to her. But she was making an attempt to laugh brightly over something she was saying.

★ SUDDENLY I saw her stiffen. Then she rose slowly, inch by inch, her gaze glary in the way of the mentally unbalanced. I followed it down the row and saw the couple who had just taken a bench. The man was Lucky Louis Simonelli, his visitor a woman with a baby.

This was the first time he and Faith had seen each other since he had cast Faith off. He looked at her with bored contempt. She grasped Fred's arm to steady herself. Then, in a moment, Fred was over the gas-pipe barriers, and I heard the thump of his fist against Lucky's jaw. It sent Lucky crashing. The back of his head hit the gas pipe around his enclosure. And there he was, out cold.

For a few moments the confusion was terrific. Faith slipped from the visitors' room, white as death. After order was restored, Fred got two weeks' solitary and lost his "good time." For months he would see visitors only in the No. 2 visitors' room—behind bars and a wire netting, with a guard on duty.

Simonelli was out of the hospital in a couple of days, as well as ever. But in the faction of the inmates that sided with him, the feeling against Fred rose and rose. Fred stayed quietly in solitary, morose and sullen. On the day when he came out, I mentioned his case, the problem he was bound to be, to Warden Knight. The warden said the P. J. would take care of him.

The prison investigation was bothering the warden. They were riding him rather hard at the moment. It was an election year, and "they" were the governor's—and therefore the warden's—political enemies. Among other things that were being investigated in the prison system was the food. The cooking at Glen Alder was above prison average; everybody knew that. Yet the commission had been told otherwise.

This was one of the reasons for the presence of three of its members on that rainy Thursday at the midday meal. They filed into the mess hall, led by the P. J. and accompanied by newspapermen, and stood under the north balcony, watching the scene.

About seven hundred inmates were there, all ominously silent. At a table by the west wall sat Lucky Louis Simonelli. At a parallel table was Fred Lyman. They were back to back, but only about six feet apart. I knew that each was conscious of the other's presence. They should not have been placed so close together, not even put in the same mess service.

One of the investigators turned to me. "It's certainly peaceful enough—" he began.

As though in instant answer, Simonelli turned, said something to or at Fred Lyman's back. Fred whirled around on his bench, picked up his bowl of steaming soup, and hurled it into Simonelli's face.

★ IT acted like a spark in a keg of gunpowder. The ever-present mass hysteria was released. Screeches rent the air, tables were overturned, men swung at each other's jaws and groped for each other's throats.

"Let's get out of here!" the investigator gasped. But the doors were locked. Outside we could hear the siren going.

I glanced at the P. J. His face was red with anger. He started for the mob, his fists clenched. I grabbed him by the arm. "Stay away from there, you fool!" I shouted. "Do you want to get killed?"

Just as he shook me off there was a shot. The sound of it came from the center of the mob. Thereupon the riot stopped as abruptly as it had started. In an instant the uproar was stilled.

On the floor, bleeding from a wound in the throat, lay Fred Lyman. Standing over him was Lucky Louis, gun in hand, speaking very quietly:

"Say a prayer, you squealing rat!"

Fred made a weak attempt to get up. "Stay where you are," said Lucky. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the guard in the balcony raising a rifle. Lucky sensed it, or seemed to. "Put down that gun!" He turned calmly. The guard's gun was frozen in mid-air.

Behind us a door opened. Warden Knight came in. His quick eyes took in exactly what was happening. He started for the spot where Lucky stood, his gun held unwaveringly on the guard.

"My God!" I heard a newspaperman say.

The warden walked deliberately down the aisle, between the two rows of petrified inmates. Lucky watched him. "Stand where you are, warden!" he ordered. But the warden went on steadily, step by step.

"One more move and both of you'll get it!"

The move came. And another. And still another. Every eye in the room was on the warden, every mouth open. And no wonder! I don't remember ever seeing anything cooler, anything more courageous, in all my life.

"Stop!" Lucky flourished his gun menacingly.

But the warden continued his march. "Give me that gun, Simonelli." He held out his hand for it.

As though under a spell, Lucky slowly handed him the gun. The warden turned. "All right. All of you get back to your places." That broke the tension—and then, almost as one man, the inmates started to applaud!

The newspaperman next to me was pale. "What a story!" he said.

★ FRED LYMAN recovered, and Lucky was transferred to another prison. Meanwhile, so far as Glen Alder was concerned, the investigation was done for. Ordinarily the commission would have been able to make good political use of the riot, but the way it had been handled took the wind out of their sails.

The importance of segregation was clearly demonstrated, and it made my work at Glen Alder easier.

I happened to be in the warden's office when the governor called him on the phone. The end of their conversation interested me. "Well," he said, "we're taking steps to prevent a recurrence of anything of that sort here, governor. We're going to use the next appropriation to build a new cell block where we can segregate first offenders and nonhabitual criminals. . . . Yes, you can mention it to the papers. I think they'll be interested."

When he put down the phone, the P. J. stared at him and said:

"Say, I think that's a idea! Let's do it!"

The warden smiled at me. "Have you any other suggestions, doctor?"

"Well," I said, "I still like the idea of a training school for inmate teachers. As I've said so often, psychiatry may be able to tell you what's wrong with a human mind, but it can't do much about curing it if the mind is left without occupation and is allowed to turn in on itself. Keep inmates busy, whether it's work or study, and you'll save yourself lots of trouble."

"There's something in that," agreed the P. J., as though he had heard me speak for the first time.

We got the new building, we got the school, and, best of all, I began to get co-operation. With the change of front on the part of the warden and the P. J., all antagonism to "bug doctoring" melted away. Since then I have been happy in my work at Glen Alder.

THE END

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GEORGE JEAN NATHAN PRESENTS

Play of the month! a new one by Mr. Saroyan. Is it art or cockeyed nonsense?

THE AMERICAN THEATER

THIS WEEK

Sweeney in the Tree

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Editorial Note: Under this heading each month during the theatrical season Mr. Nathan, Liberty's critic of things dramatic, will present an outline of what in his estimation is the most interesting play of the period, whether already recently produced, about to be produced, or still in the producing offing.

★ IF, dear reader, you reserve your exclusive interest and hat-tossing enthusiasm for plays like *Abie's Irish Rose* and *Kiss the Boys Goodbye*, please skip this one. It will strike you as super-cockeyed nonsense. But if you are open to the experimental drama, screw up your courage and vouchsafe yourself a gander at one of the latest picnics by the realest new talent in the American theater: the whirling dervish of Fresno, California, the despair of many of the professional critics and the delight of the few, W. Saroyan, Esq.

SWEENEY IN THE TREES

"A Fantasy on Values"

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

Principal Characters in the Play

Michael Sweeney, 27, a noble fool.
Sweeney's Death, 27, a good companion.
Jim Lark, 17, a genius.
Francis Shakepierce, 73, a small boy.
Emma Elixia, 24, Ophelia.
Helen Sweeney, 24, a wife.
Luke Padgett, 21, a dreamer.

Scene: A room on the third and top floor of an old building in Geary Street, San Francisco.

Time: From morning to night.

★ SWEENEY is standing at the window, looking out. The door opens swiftly and Jim Lark enters, whistling newsboy style. "You the man who advertised?" "I am," replies Sweeney. "Can I have the job?" asks Lark. "Yes," says Sweeney. "Can I sleep a little first?" bids Lark. "Yes," answers Sweeney.

In the next room, Miss Elixia is teaching a child singing and, her voice heard through the thin wall, is disgusted with her futile efforts. "Sounds wonderful to me just the same!" yells Sweeney. "You are a fool!" yells back Miss Elixia. And follows her words by bringing the brat in to Sweeney. "If she can't sing, what are you teaching her for?" demands the latter. "Ah-hah, I see. Money! Hurry away. I despise those who love money." "I do not love money," returns Elixia. "Then why take two dollars from her mother?" asks Sweeney. . . . "Please go away. You worship money." He

takes an enormous roll of bills from his pocket, peels off half a dozen, and throws and kicks them around the room. "I despise money."

"That's not real money," sneers Elixia. "How dare you pretend to be indifferent about money? Kicking around money that is not real!" "I am indifferent to money—all the different kinds of it," insists Sweeney. "You are not only a liar, you are a fraud," announces Elixia. Sweeney peels off more bills and kicks them about. "It's not real," insists Elixia. "It serves the purpose. I despise the stuff," replies Sweeney.

Luke Padgett has entered. "May I kick some too, if it isn't real money?"

he requests. "I wouldn't do it if it was real money but it feels good. You can't spend it, can you?" "No, but I've already bought everything," allows Sweeney. "You're the man who advertised, aren't you?" asks Luke. "What's the job?" "I want to meet people who are looking for work," Sweeney tells him. "You can have the job, but there is no salary. You can come and go as you please. You can sit here, write a letter, read, rest, or just get out of the rain." "Is that the job?" sniffs Luke. "Yes," says Sweeney. "Gosh," says Luke.

A sixty-year-old Japanese elevator man comes in and waters a small tree growing in a box. Jim Lark wakes up momentarily, sees all the money on the floor, and eagerly swipes a bill. "You like tree?" the Jap inquires of Sweeney. "Very much. I lived in a tree a week once," says Sweeney.

Shakepierce, the old poet, staggers in, drunk. "I'm looking for work," Luke whines to him. "Work," elegantly



E.P. Couse

observes the old stew, "is for slaves. The living were never intended to work. The human body was never intended to be exerted, except for great living." Luke turns to Sweeney. "May I just look at the money again?" Sweeney hands him a big wad. "It's not real," Luke explains to Shakepierce, and starts booting it around.

Other strange and wondrous applicants for the job Sweeney has advertised troop in. They survey the money on the floor and seize it up avidly until they, too, are told it isn't real. Shakepierce, who hasn't a cent in the world, nevertheless acts as host to the starving congress by ordering up constant supplies of hamburgers—"de luxe with onions." The kicking about of the money goes on. Death enters. He is Sweeney's twin, clothes and everything. Some one pours him a drink. "To you," says Shakepierce, lifting his glass. "I drink to every one," replies Death, lifting his.

The second act, with the small tree now grown considerably bigger, opens with Sweeney and Death joining in the kicking about of the money. The Japanese elevator man proceeds with his assiduous sprinkling of the tree. The whole mad assemblage, Elixia, her small pupil, Lark, Shakepierce, and the variegated others, oblivious of the presence of Death, pursue their banquet of hamburgers and words. "It's stopped raining," presently observes Luke, turning from the window. "There's a bird flying around out there." Death leaves the room.

Sweeney turns to Elixia. "Why have you come here? Why did you cry? You—you are more real than anybody in the world. I love you. I don't even know you. Nevertheless, I love the air you breathe, the air you've breathed all your life. I love you dead a hundred years from now, with all the people of the world changed and nobody remembering you." "Your love is the money you kick around," says Elixia. "I know the falseness of all things," returns Sweeney. "The falseness of love I know better than the falseness of any other thing. I tell you what is true. I love *you*, not myself in you. Therefore my love is like the money I kick around. Would it be purer if it were like some other kind of money?" "All I have ever known is poverty, and respect for the ugliness and treachery of money; not contempt," says the girl. "And all I have ever known," Sweeney tells her, "is contempt for everything rude and confounding. In this room you saw the children who are in need. To keep money from them is rude. To give them money is confounding. . . . I know too much to be the companion of any one but Death. . . . I want no meaning in words. It is an accident that we speak. We improved that accident a little by breaking into song. We should be silent for years and do nothing but love one another. By that time maybe we shall have something to say. No. We have already known our silence." "I am not speaking," says Elixia softly.

And the door bursts open and Sweeney's wife heaves in.

"Who is this young woman?" she demands. "She teaches singing to children," replies Sweeney. "Are you taking lessons?" ironically inquires his wife. "No. I love her," returns Sweeney. "You go home—and stay there." "Make me!" bristles his wife. "Now don't be sexy," admonishes Sweeney. "I don't want to make trouble, but I don't love you and you don't love me. We just happen to be married. We were in love for a couple of weeks five years ago." He brings another wad of money out of his pocket, throws more of it around, and begins to kick it. "You stop kicking money around!" indignantly shouts his wife. From the neighboring room the child's voice is heard in song. A new quality has entered into it. She sings beautifully. Death comes up the stairs, listens a moment, glances at old Shakepierce, and goes away. First Sweeney and one by one everybody save his wife joins the child in her song. "Now I am ready to sleep," says Shakepierce, stretching himself out on the couch and closing his eyes.

A messenger boy enters. "Telegram for Francis Shakepierce." "He just died," says Sweeney. Luke tries to take the telegram from the messenger. "It's for Francis Shakepierce, not for you or me," protests the boy. "That is Francis Shakepierce there," says Sweeney; "read it to him." The boy tears open the envelope, unfolds the telegram, and is stunned. "There must



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HEINZ

COOKED SPAGHETTI

57

QUICK, ECONOMICAL, ENERGY MEAL

be some cockeyed mistake somewhere. There's no cockeyed message. What kind of a cockeyed telegram is a telegram without a message?" "His kind," answers Sweeney quietly.

It is Act Three and the tree is very big now. In the next room Elixia is playing the piano softly and sadly. Sweeney's wife is still raising ructions over the telephone. Jim Lark, who has been sitting in the tree and who has come down to tell her off, advises her: "Shut up! What are you always ringing bells for? Get away from that telephone and read a book by some important writer or something. Read a little sociology or something. It might do you a little good. Read poetry or philosophy. Read the message in Polish on the bottle of Eno's Salts. Go to a movie. But don't ring any more bells. I'm warning you!" He hangs up. The bell presently rings again. He tears the telephone from its cord and throws it out of the window.

Sweeney comes in. He listens abstractedly to Elixia's playing. It suddenly ceases. Elixia enters, her arm full of flowers. Sweeney swings himself up into the tree. A scene between them, in the tortured emotions of Ophelia and Hamlet, ensues. "You fit poorly in a tree," finishes Elixia. "Not nearly as poorly as in the world," replies Sweeney. Wroth over her repudiation by him, she throws the flowers she has brought him one by one to the floor, kicks them as he has kicked the money, and departs.

☆ THE motley crew of seekers after work and money reappear. They speak of their troubles and, by way of vicarious satisfaction, beseech Sweeney to throw still more of the money on the floor that they may kick it. Jim Lark, who has joined in the kicking, suddenly stops short. He picks up a bill, examines it closely. The others watch him. He picks up another, examines it more closely. Then—"This money's real," he whistles. The others follow his suit. "This money is real!" they shout.

While this has been going on, Sweeney, descended from the tree, has put on his overcoat and gone down into the street. Jim Lark takes one of the bills and gives it to the old Japanese elevator man, who has just come up the stairs. "This is for you. From Mr. Sweeney." "Oh, thank you," says the old Jap. "And this is for you. From Mr. Sweeney." He hands Lark Sweeney's overcoat.

"Me? Jim Lark? Are you sure?"

"Yes. He say Jim Lark. I know you."

Lark puts on the coat, which is big for him. "Did he say anything else?"

"He say wear it, always."

All leave save Lark and the old Jap. The Jap sweeps up the flowers Elixia has strewn on the floor and goes. Lark swings up into the tree, whistling. Sweeney's Death comes into the room in his overcoat and stands at the window. Lark swings down from the tree, looks around, and walks out.

A white bird flies out of the tree.

THE END

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BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

★ A NEW man in a girl's life often changes the style of her shoes. She wears high heels to go around with a tall boy, low heels for a shorty. Ordering shoes by mail, smart wives tell their husband's height as well as their own. . . . I learned this from shoecraftsman Harry Rosenthal, born in the business fifty-five years ago, his father and grandfather having been in it before him. "The greatest progress," he said, "has been the discard by fashionable women of too small shoes. Today some of the most famous beauties, professional models, wear size nine. Girls at college get the easy-shoe habit; afterward they continue. Nowadays I never see a bunion on a college woman's foot." . . . Mr. Rosenthal specializes in shoes for tall girls. Most tall women have extra narrow feet; wear well made low-heeled shoes; therefore walk gracefully. . . . I asked what heel is generally best for the average woman. The 1½-inch heel, declared Mr. R. Have two good walking pairs, he advises, rather than two fancy pairs. Don't wear the same pair two days in succession if you can help it. Change for the evening whenever possible. . . . And be thankful we haven't England's difficulties. One of Harry Rosenthal's London customers cabled him that she'd been bombed shoeless. Four pairs were flown to her by Clipper. Postage alone cost seventy-five dollars!

★ DON'T believe all you hear concerning South American customs. Walt and Lillian Disney were warned not to be on time at social affairs down there. Turned up forty-five minutes late; found the whole party waiting for them; felt guilty and rude. "That bunk about South American unpunctuality is as mythical as Fantasia," says Walt.

★ NOVEMBER 16 is the birth date of radio star Mary Margaret McBride. Every year, on that day, Mary eats fried chicken, cabbage

pudding, string beans, charlotte russe. The meal is a sentimental ceremony. The dishes were childhood favorites her mother used to make for her as birthday treats. Now her mother is gone; but on November 16 Mary Margaret always has those same things served again—for memory's sake. She gave me her mother's *Cabbage Pudding* recipe. It's good. . . . Cut cabbage as for coleslaw. In buttered baking dish spread alternate layers of cabbage and cracker crumbs. Dot with butter; season with salt, pepper, a pinch of nutmeg. Pour in milk to barely cover. Bake 1½ hours in moderate oven. Sprinkle top with grated cheese. Brown quickly and serve.

★ "TWENTY-THREE, twenty-four, twenty-five," mumbled an arithmetic-minded girl I know, as she walked slowly along a fashionable shopping street. She was counting the women she saw in mink coats—trying to decide whether she wanted to buy mink or some other fur. Up stepped two women friends of hers whom she

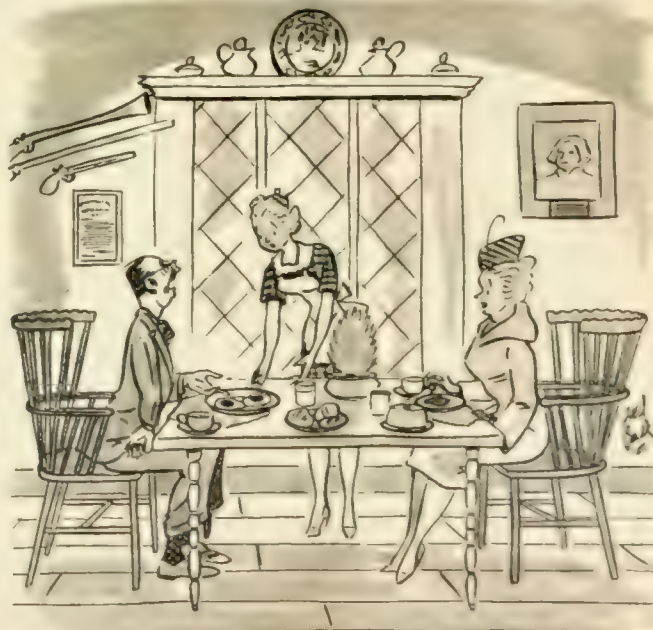
"If these eggs had been served to Washington when he stopped here, he would have sent them back too! Didn't he?"

had passed without a sign of recognition. "What's the idea?" they asked. "Are you high-hatting us?" Still absorbed in her mink-coat count, she said, "Oh, no. You're twenty-six and twenty-seven."

★ THIRTY-FIVE spaniel pups paid for the voice training of Laura Deane Dutton, Rainbow Room songstress. Her father, an army officer, didn't approve her yen for show business. But he liked dogs, so Laura raised spaniels, selling the pups at fifty dollars apiece, to train her voice for show business!

★ AMONG many more letters about the language of stamps comes this interesting note from R. C. Chester, Long Island City: "Your page is one of the first I turn to in Liberty, always on the lookout for things to help me understand the ladies. Sorry I can't assist your stamp research, but I happen to have a quaint and curious volume detailing *the romantic language of handkerchiefs*. It says: 'When a girl draws her handkerchief across her eyes, she means she's sorry; across her cheek—she loves you; across her forehead—We're being watched; holding handky by two corners—Wait for me; winding round third finger—she's married; around forefinger—she's engaged; folding neatly—Let's go somewhere and talk.'"

★ IF women are copycats, how about musicians? The ninety-six members of Leopold Stokowski's orchestra went hatless in all weathers because he never wears a hat. He likes dark blue shirts, dark red shirts; so they wore shirtings of dark red or blue. He bought a pair of yellow chamois gloves. Immediately his haberdasher ordered ninety-six more pairs! . . . Constance Hope, ace publicity agent, reveals this in her entertaining new book, *Publicity Is Broccoli*. (Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.)



This Man's Army



READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

★ THERE are a few men in our outfit who believe they were not born to work. They take every opportunity to dodge it, then complain of being picked on. When they are turned in for gold-bricking on a detail, they just get turned back to the same detail for a few more days, and that's all the good it does. You and I know what they would have got fifteen years ago—a generous dose of shoe leather in the right place; but that isn't being done in this new Army. Why couldn't they be sorted out and placed in some organization outside the armed services? Certainly they're more of a detriment than a benefit where they are now.

I must say, however, that the great majority of the men in the new Army are serious and industrious. They take pride in doing their work promptly and efficiently, and their behavior is excellent, both on and off duty. Pfc. S. L. R., Camp Langdon, N. H.

There are a few slackers in every big organization, military or civilian. In the latter they eventually lose their jobs; in the Army they have nothing to lose except the respect of their fellows and their officers, which means little or nothing to them. It's a problem that's confronted every army since Joshua's day. Some one has suggested that "gold-brick labor battalions" be formed, but that's not practicable. You can't eliminate the human equation, much as that would help. So do the best you can, and remember that "a good workman doesn't quarrel with his tools," even when some in the chest are dull or blunt and you'd like to discard them.

If a man has volunteered for one year's Army service and then is honorably discharged, can he be compelled to register for the draft and can he be drafted sooner or later? H. G. W., Washington, N. C.

A man who was in the registration age brackets on October 16, 1940, or July 1, 1941,

must register upon discharge from the Army unless he had already registered. If the man in question was in the Regular Army for his year's service and had not volunteered under the Selective Service Act, then he is subject to draft call. A one-year ex-service regular may enlist in the National Guard of his state or join the enlisted reserve corps.

Having followed your page since it first appeared and having read all the various constructive and destructive comments and suggestions of your contributors, I thought a few words from the Far East might enlighten the Army boys to the cold fact that all is not roses with the forces afloat. We are gone from port for weeks, little or no water (fresh), entertainment at a premium, never a chance at an American beauty, no one to drive over to see us. To top it off, lots of the boys out here are still boys too, in their teens, no families for the married men, and at least sixty days irregular communications with sweethearts and folks at home. We can't write where we go, what we do, what we see, yet we are asked by every one at home to tell them what a pleasant time we spend.

You might know this is the Submarine Navy talking, but at times it is fun. When it rains, we pull down a rain cloud for a bath, soap down, and then have to use sea water to rinse off, because the rain gets away from us.

We have to seek out old Neptunus Rex to tell our tales to, so thanks for listening anyhow.

L. J. D., CMM., U. S. N.,
U. S. S. Pickerel.

I wonder in what Asiatic waters you were when you wrote; it took almost two months for your letter to reach me. Thanks, anyway, for the thought and for another Navy letter to enrich this page. The way you have to take baths reminds me of the unwritten title of an unpublished book: What Not to Do if It Doesn't Happen.

I understand that enlisted men in the Air Corps get "flying pay" because of the dangerous nature of their work. Why, then, shouldn't we tank drivers of the Armored Force get additional pay? If piloting an airplane is more hazardous than handling the controls of a thirty-ton medium tank, which moves like lightning and hits like a pile driver, then I'm all wet.

A. F. P., Fort Knox, Ky.

Never having piloted a plane or driven a tank, I'm not qualified to say whether you're all wet or all right. Between riding in one or the other, I'll take the plane every time.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.

How about it, you experts? Which is more dangerous, and why?

How about giving us some explanations of Army abbreviations? I know a few of the more common ones but the rest stick me. You'd be doing us a real favor if you'd print a list.

P. G., Marshfield, Wis.

Glad to oblige you and the many others who have asked for the same. The War Department authorizes some 600 abbreviations, of which I can give only a few because of my limited space.

AWOL, Absent without leave; AC, Air Corps; AA, Antiaircraft; APO, Army Post Office; Bn, Battalion; Btry, Battery; Brig, Brigade; Capt, Captain; Cav, Cavalry; CWS, Chemical Warfare Service; CMTC, Citizens' Military Training Camp; CAC, Coast Artillery Corps; Col, Colonel; CO, Commanding Officer; Co, Company; Corp, Corporal; CA, Corps Area; CE, Corps of Engineers; Div, Division; Engr, Engineer; EM, Enlisted Man or Men; FA, Field Artillery; Ft, Fort; GHQ, General Headquarters; Inf, Infantry; Lt or Lieut, Lieutenant; Maj, Major; MC, Medical Corps; MP, Military Police; NG, National Guard; NCO, Noncommissioned Officer; OD, Officer of the Day; Ord, Ordnance; Plat, Platoon; P Ex or PX, Post Exchange; Pvt, Private; Pvt 1 cl or Pfc, private first class; PM, Provost Marshal; QMC, Quartermaster Corps; Regt, Regiment; RA, Regular Army; Ret, Retired; Sec, Section; Sgt, Sergeant; Sig C, Signal Corps; Spec, Specialist; Sqd, Squad; Tr, Troop; USMC, United States Marine Corps; WO, Warrant Officer.

"I hear Bill was fined ten dollars and fifty cents for beating up his former sergeant."

"What was the fifty cents for?"

"Luxury tax."

Camp Upton Nooz, N. Y.



"It must be a miracle!"

Pictures *you ought* to see *By Howard Barnes*

4 STARS —
EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS —
EXCELLENT



HOWARD BARNES

★★★½ TWO-FACED WOMAN

Let me declare myself at the start. I say Greta Garbo is the greatest actress alive. No picture in which she appeared could be really bad, to my way of thinking.

When it offers her the range of make-believe that *Two-Faced Woman* does, you have a show—and I mean an utterly captivating entertainment. The story of this movie is mostly sheer nonsense. It presents the superb Swede in one of those two-way roles in which she pretends to be her own twin sister, even to fooling her husband. Dramatic unities and what not seem trivial, though, when Garbo cuts loose as she does here.

Call the yarn a pipe dream, but it's a very pleasant one. For *Two-Faced Woman* follows the delightful precedent of *Ninotchka*, which proved that Garbo was just as good at clowning as she was at the grim romantics of earlier shows. As a matter of fact, it is a perfect set-up from the standpoint of showmanship. As a sad-faced skiing instructor who marries a big publisher in a moment of idealistic rapture, Garbo is the intense, unhappy figure of such films as *Anna Karenina* or *Camille*. As the supposed twin sister who charms her neglectful husband out of his wits, she is a new and exciting star who knows all the tricks of screwball comedy and uses them consummately. She is enchanting, funny, and assured. In other words, she is completely human, in addition to being as radiant and glamorous as ever.

The narrative stretches a farcical idea right to the breaking point, but the brilliant playwright, S. N. Behrman and his co-authors have kept it from snapping. They have taken a whack at all sorts of situations and moods, from tender romance to outright slapstick. The point is that the different sequences are neatly fitted together, while the dialogue is always top-notch. Whether the picture is showing you the whirlwind courtship of the heroine in an Idaho winter sports resort, or is describing her campaign to recapture her husband by posing as an international adventuress, *Two-Faced Woman* is almost always dramatic and funny.

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Perhaps the best part of the show is the middle section, set in Manhattan. It is here that Garbo shows her tremendous acting versatility. There is a scene, for example, in which she has to fake a rumba and gets away with it triumphantly. There is a passage where the heroine, having drunk champagne for the first time, does a siren act right up to the hilt and knocks over a whole group of men about town. Without ever overstressing the part, the star keeps these sequences on a plane of roguish gaiety and delicate satire. However delightful you may have found her subtle comedy in *Ninotchka*, you will find it twice as enchanting in her new film.

The end of the picture goes in for slapstick in a big way as the repentant husband finds that he has made something of a fool of himself. George Cukor, in his direction, has succeeded in making a nice balance between uproarious comedy and the personal drama. Moreover, the supporting players help no end to keep the show spinning.

Particularly fine is Melvyn Douglas, who teamed with Garbo in *Ninotchka*. It is a tough assignment to play a husband who cannot recognize his own wife, but Douglas handles it expertly. Then there are Roland Young and Ruth Gordon, contributing bright moments as associates of the publisher. Good as her colleagues are, though, Garbo dominates *Two-Faced Woman*. The greatest actress of our day is greater than ever in her latest vehicle, even if the vehicle is far from sturdy.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

★★★ THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER

Great expectations are scarcely fulfilled in this screen operetta. The teaming of the popular Nelson Eddy with the new Metropolitan Opera star, Risë Stevens, looked like a musical natural. The combination of Ferenc Molnar's *The Guardsman*, with the Oscar Straus melodies from *The Chocolate Soldier* held lots of promise. The trouble is that the show is far better musically than it is as a movie. Straus fans are sure to find it a noteworthy offering. Film fans like myself are likely to consider it a rather disappointing bore.

When Eddy and Miss Stevens get together vocally, the picture rarely fails to come off as a motion-picture tune fest. Their voices are nicely matched and they hold forth in some

dozen songs, including an excerpt from Tannhäuser and new arrangements, as well as the Straus classics. The catch is that neither of the stars has the acting ability to put over the sorry libretto. Eddy disguises himself as a Russian to check up on his wife, but beard and guttural accent do not make him anything but Eddy in fancy costume. Miss Stevens photographs well, but she is generally baffled in the role of the singer who keeps her suspicious husband guessing.

Among the players in the operetta is Nigel Bruce, who always gives a fine performance and repeats the trick here, and Florence Bates, who is good as the harridan friend of the heroine. They do some genuine acting, but it doesn't help matters much. For all of its musical distinction, this is a ponderous entertainment, which is far better to hear than see.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—*Dumbo*, *One Foot in Heaven*, *The Little Foxes*, *The Stars Look Down*, *Sergeant York*, *Major Barbara*.

★★★½—*Birth of the Blues*, *Suspicion*, *It Started with Eve*, *You'll Never Get Rich*, *International Lady*, *Honky Tonk*, *All That Money Can Buy*, *Hold Back the Dawn*.

★★★—*Target for Tonight*, *Skylark*, *Ladies in Retirement*, *The Feminine Touch*, *Smilin' Through*, *International Squadron*, *Navy Blues*, *Lydia*, *Dive Bomber*, *Nothing but the Truth*, *Life Begins for Andy Hardy*, *Charley's Aunt*, *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, *Wild Geese Calling*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Sun Valley Serenade*, *Lady Be Good*, *Father Takes a Wife*, *Tom, Dick and Harry*, *My Life with Caroline*, *Manpower*, *The Bride Came C. O. D.*, *They Met in Bombay*, *Moon over Miami*, *Blossoms in the Dust*, *Tight Shoes*, *Underground*, *The Big Store*, *Man Hunt*, *Out of the Fog*, *Caught in the Draft*, *In the Navy*, *Billy the Kid*, *Sunny*, *Blood and Sand*, *The Reluctant Dragon*, *Love Crazy*, *Kiss the Boys Goodbye*, *A Woman's Face*, *One Night in Lisbon*, *The Wagons Roll at Night*, *The Great American Broadcast*, *The Girl in the News*, *Flame of New Orleans*, *Ziegfeld Girl*, *The Cowboy and the Blonde*.

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READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Reading this, you may ask: How does it match what is going on in the world today?

The answer, we think, is that this human progress is the very thing a savage minority is trying to stop and turn back; that is what the war is really about. Shall we or shall we not keep what humanity has gained?

It is more important now than ever before to dwell on these things.—THE EDITORS.



"LEOPARDS," says Ambrose Bierce, "speak of changing their spots: optimists speak of improving

halt, and the blind was unknown. Lunatics were chained in dungeons or exposed in cages to public view. A few friars went about performing acts of mercy, but they were voices crying in a wilderness of bleak brutality.

Sadism disfigured the games of that day. Unless a sport was cruel, spectators were bored. A popular game in the England of gentle Oliver Goldsmith was Stone the Cock. A live rooster was tied to a stake; rocks and other missiles were hurled by children



BY ROGER WILLIAM RIIS

human nature." The cynical Bierce believed that neither was possible. But a healthy perspective on history gives convincing testimony that human nature has changed, is changing—and amazingly for the better. Despite gloomy reversals and temporary heavy going, the slow surge is away from ignorance and cruelty, toward decency, kindness, unselfishness.

If, in bilious mood, you sometimes doubt that human nature has improved, glance back at life in the best of "the good old days." Consider the golden age of Elizabeth, flowering around 1600. In that halcyon period human conduct was a brutish, nasty spectacle. When Shakespeare wrote and Drake sailed, every man carried a lethal weapon and went about prepared to kill or be killed. Cutthroats roamed through London, plundering and killing. The strong were boastful, drunken, and murderous; the weak were voiceless and unchampioned.

Manners, the index of man's triumph over his primitive instincts, were savage and greedy. At dinner, a grand gentleman like Raleigh would snatch a joint from the common platter, tear it with his fingers, and wolf the meat down in chunks. "Rare Ben Jonson" might charm his Mermaid Inn cronies with sparkling table talk, but conversation between ordinary mortals was unbelievably coarse and obscene.

Charitable care of the insane, the

until the fowl was killed. At country fairs, men used to fight each other with heavy clubs until one or the other was beaten to insensibility. Could human nature, as we know it today, relish these spectacles?

The cruelties of yesterday were nowhere better exhibited than on the high seas. Herman Melville's White Jacket describes conditions in the United States Navy as late as 1815. A man could be flogged till his bones gleamed white. Hands trussed above his head, the culprit's upper clothing was removed and the dreaded "cat" was laid on, each blow raising an indelible weal on the man's back; usually before the last lash the victim was unconscious. Publication of White Jacket led our navy to abolish flogging, but merchant sailors were shredded by the "cat" as late as 1870.

More murderous yet was the practice of keel-hauling, common among American whaling ships during the first half of the nineteenth century. To keel-haul a man, you tied him to a rope that had already been passed under the ship's bottom. His shipmates then pulled at the rope, thus dragging the victim under the keel and up the other side of the hull, while the barnacles lacerated him to ribbons. Sometimes, mercifully, he was drowned.

Human nature long exhibited its worst side in its shocking disregard for the men who did the world's work.

In Europe, under the thumb of manorial lords, the laborer was ground down to utter destitution. While Louis XIV glittered at Versailles, the French historian La Bruyère described the peasants of Normandy as follows:

"Scattered about the country one sees certain animals, male and female; they are black, livid and baked by the sun, and they are attached with almost visible chains to the soil which they dig. They retire at night into dens, where they live on black bread, water and roots." The inhuman idea

Probably the happiest single change in human nature during the last 500 years has been the universal rejection of diabolism and superstition. Not so long ago the human mind was inhabited by a thousand hobgoblin terrors: Satan, horned and hoofed, walked the world seeking the ruin of souls. Demons, werewolves, witches, and the dreaded "swamp angels" of Irish mythology were his offspring, and no man could tell when or where he would be possessed by one of these hellish emissaries. Satan was more

There still are things for which to give thanks! . . . If you doubt it, consider "the good old days"

ature HAS Changed

that the rural worker was a cross between a rodent and a beast of burden was not changed until the French Revolution sponged it away in blood.

Americans, gazing at our own labor history, find no cause for complacency. As late as 1820 indentured servants were virtual slaves. Twenty years of hard labor had to be served before the indentured wretch could win his freedom. Meanwhile, the master could beat him to death, systematically starve him, and shoot him if he tried to escape. White laborers on the Pennsylvania canals worked every day in the week from sunrise to sunset, and received less than two cents an hour.

Within the memory of living men, the fight for the twelve-hour working day began. Mill owners and corporate interests, slow to acknowledge the human rights of the employed, stubbornly resisted the movement toward shorter working hours and better pay. But the growth of an informed, organized, humane public opinion has brought about the miracle of modern working conditions.

Treatment of children is a sure index of human progress. In the England of Charles Dickens the lot of the apprentice was drudgery and frank physical abuse. Children of four years worked in coal mines. In New York during Theodore Roosevelt's early manhood the "padrone" system enabled unscrupulous men to send small boys into the streets as boot-blacks and peddlers, then collect their small earnings and herd the children into a filthy pen for the night. An archaic remnant of child labor still remains with us, but today public opinion opposes it and the steady march of legislation is stamping it out.

than a figurative symbol of evil; he was a concrete reality that hovered over men's lives and clouded human nature with terrors. Today, no matter what evils beset us, we are no longer prey to the fears of demonism. Within the past century, science and learning have exorcised the "devil and all his pomps" from human nature.

The outstanding human development in the last century, and especially the last twenty-five years, is the growth of a sense of obligation to our fellows, to our community. Medieval man lived insistently for himself alone. There were no associations for welfare purposes, no organized efforts to better the community. Today these flourish. Community consciousness grows ever stronger, more effective. And, oddly enough, the importance and dignity of the individual has been strengthened rather than weakened by this process.

For all its jangling discords, human nature is becoming a mellower, better-toned instrument. Instead of blandly accepting evil as a necessary ingredient of life, men and women have gradually developed a repugnance to all forms of human suffering and wrongdoing. War, crime, and disease still rack our state—but we are even more painfully racked by a desire to abolish these forms of evil.

Sometimes, in pessimistic hours, we are conscious only of the dissonant jealousies, greeds, and hatred that mar our mortal choir. But after a survey of "the good old days" even the cynical observer admits that the leopard's spots have changed, and that human beings are not the ornery, calloused creatures they used to be.

THE END



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THE LAST WORD:

*A Nice New England Girl
in a Gambling House*



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FULTON OURSLER

A FASCINATING NOVEL

of a bygone time in American history will begin in *Liberty* next week—a tale called *Mississippi Belle*, by Clements Ripley. This story of a nice New England lass, carefully reared by nuns, finding herself by a wriggle of destiny a widow almost before she is a wife, and then a gambler's girl in old New Orleans—well, it is one of the most enthralling historical romances we have ever had in a magazine which made a specialty of novels by the late Robert W.

Chambers. You can read the story from week to week, beginning with the next issue, and then you will be able to see it on the screen; Warners already has *Mississippi Belle* in production and hopes to release it as one of its most important features early in January. There will also be some excellent short fiction in the new issue, including *The House Guest*, by Susan Ertz, and *The Perfect Menace*, by Arthur Gordon.

SECRETARY KNOX TELLS, AS THE OUTSTANDING

nonfiction feature, why we must have an unbeatable navy. The head of the navy has always been frank, but in this article he seems to have been a little more so than usual. Then we have *The Quins and the Kidnapers*, which will disclose how two attempts have been made to steal the five little Dionne girls; Eddie Dooley talks about *All-America amateurs vs. pros*; Dr. Charles Earle Funk, our lexicographer, tells why grammar is often just plain dam-foolishness; and there will be all the usual departments, another exciting installment of *Achmed Abdullah's Blood of the Dragon*, and the surprising denouement of *Faith Baldwin's Breath of Life*.

DO YOU WANT TO BE A G-MAN?

It isn't easy, but now is the time to realize the ambition, if you have it. My friend, J. Edgar Hoover, tells me the times call for new recruits. To be a special agent or special agent (accountant)—these are the two groups—you must be a citizen of the United States, between twenty-three and thirty-six years old, and a graduate of an accredited law or accounting school or a college graduate with certain special qualifications. And here's what you must be able to do, as set forth in the Bureau's specifica-

tions: perform strenuous physical exertion, use firearms, analyze facts, analyze a federal statute and apply a set of facts to the statute, express yourself adequately in writing and orally, dictate properly, conduct investigations of a type calculated to test your investigative knack, and have ease of approach, poise, speech, tact, judgment, and resourcefulness. And drive a car. It sounds like a blueprint for Superman, but if you pass muster they will start you at \$3,200 a year. . . . There are also clerical and clerical-technical positions to be had by high-school graduates who do not meet the qualifications for agents. These pay \$1,400 to \$1,800 at the start, and it is from the ranks of these that fingerprint experts are chosen. Openings here for both men and women; ages, eighteen to thirty-five. . . . First thing you do is write the Federal Bureau of Investigation, U. S. Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., telling about yourself, indicating the job you seek, and asking for an application blank. Good luck! . . . From Mrs. Guy O. Dickinson, 1042 Grand Avenue, Grand Junction, Colorado, comes a question: "Do you belong to the Robert Fulton (steamboat) family?" I do not. My full name, Charles Fulton, was bestowed upon me because my mother's pastor was the Rev. Dr. Charles Fulton of what was then Immanuel Baptist Church in Baltimore. I corresponded with Dr. Fulton last summer, up to the time of his death in Rochester. His son is one of the important officials of the New York Public Library. . . . Had a grand time reading *Newspaper Days*, in which H. L. Mencken tells of his journalistic adventure in our common home town of Baltimore. The prodigious capacity of Baltimoreans for food, drink, and other pleasure here finds its prophet. No finer story of newspaper excitement has ever been written than Mencken's tale of the Baltimore fire. This is a four-star book and plus. But there is a discrepancy between Mr. Nathan's account next week in these pages and Mr. Mencken's own statement about certain aspects of Mr. Mencken's interest in a Baltimore stock company. What we want to know, Henry—and George!—is, is *Liberty* right, or is Mencken's new book right? Home papers, please copy!



THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

★ ★ ★ ★ CONTENTS—NOVEMBER 29, 1941 ★ ★ ★ ★

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in *Liberty* are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

Cover: ROCHESTER of the Jack Benny show—
PHOTO BY JOHN SCOTT

"THE RIBBERS"

by Glen Fleischmann



Double your enjoyment with the
"bonus year" Ten High!

Like an apple picked at its
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RIPENED JUST RIGHT—

year, after year,
 after year, after year!



This whiskey is
 4 years old



YOU CAN taste the flavor bonus in the "bonus year" TEN HIGH!

Yes—a full-ripe extra bonus of goodness put there by adding another birthday. And this is the rich whiskey already so delicious it's the favorite in countless homes.

If you don't know this superb four-year-old bourbon, discover it today. If you're an old-time TEN HIGH fan, taste the "bonus year" TEN HIGH—and you'll Double Your Enjoyment of your favorite drink.



BLUE-WATER BLITZ!

Fastest fighter afloat, her speed's a Navy secret . . . no secret, though, that Camel outspeeds all cigarettes in popularity with Navy men



ALL OF A SUDDEN three propellers tear the water behind her into tattered white lace, and from an easy, silent glide she roars into battle speed as fast, almost, as you can blink. She's the Navy's new darling . . . and what a girl! All dressed up with four torpedo tubes and four machine guns. She's a thunderbolt. Fast as lightning . . . and she hits harder.

YOU'VE GOT TO BE GOOD to serve on her crew. Over 4,000 horse-power running "all-out" means that she leaps from wave-top to wave-top—her crew lashed to their stations. No wonder, after a thrilling session on this blue-water blitz the first words you hear from the men are: "Boy, a cigarette, quick!" (And that means Camel—outstanding favorite of Navy men.)

—AND TORPEDO-BOAT
DESIGNER IRWIN CHASE SHARES
THE NAVY MAN'S PREFERENCE
FOR CAMELS



IRWIN CHASE speaking. He's chief of the naval division, Electric Boat Co., one of the outfits making P T boats. And after a session on that fresh air battle-bridge (he's in the action pictures top of the page), "There's just nothing like a Camel," he declares. "It's been my favorite for years."



TRUE as the sextant's reading of the sun at high noon . . . this fact: Camels are the favorite of modern America. Take a man like Irwin Chase (above), Elco's naval architect. Take the men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard. Their favorite cigarette is Camel.*

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*Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, and Canteens

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